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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

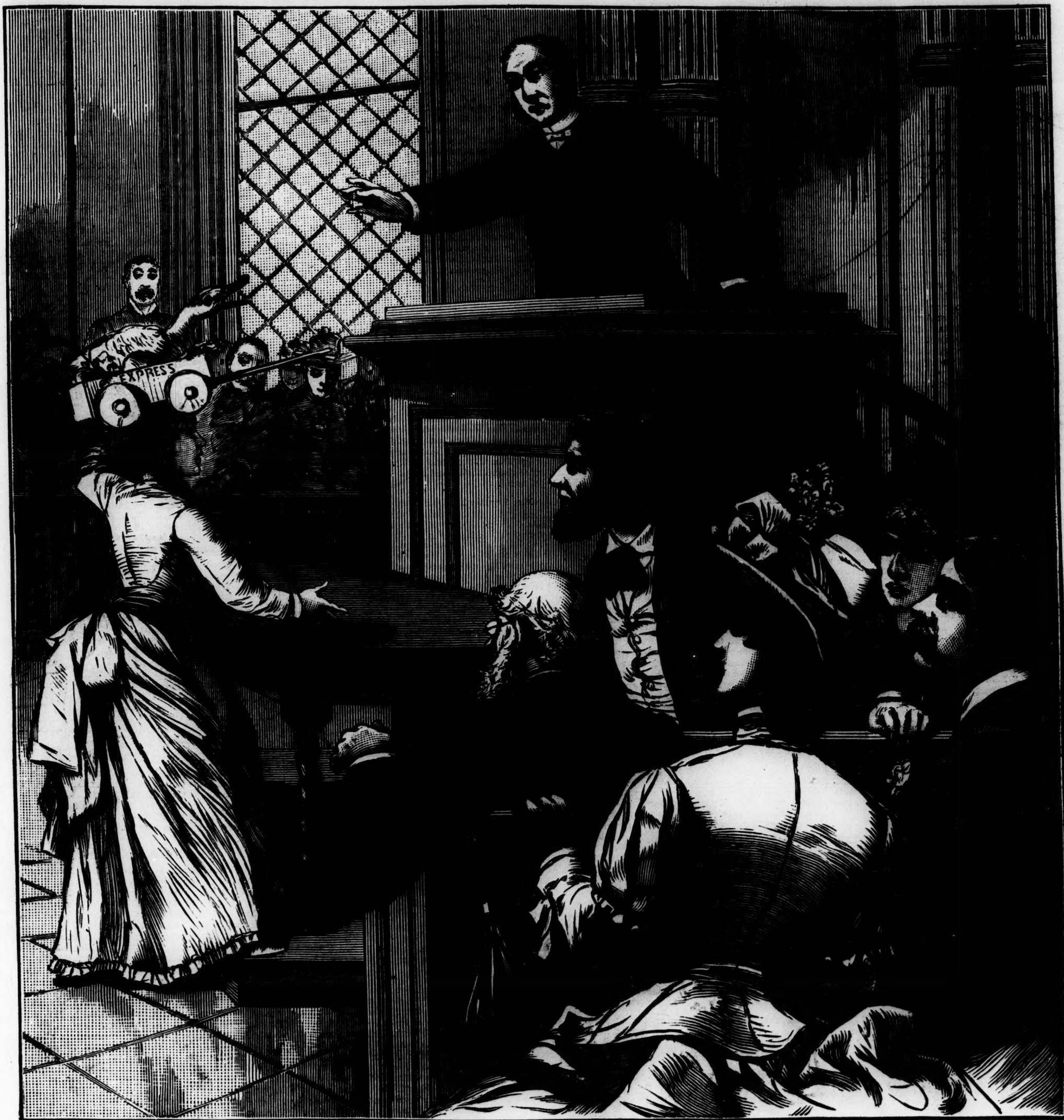
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

VOLUME L.—No. 511.
Price Ten Cents.



A CRANK IN CHURCH.

MRS. STECKEL OF ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, CARRIES A TOY EXPRESS WAGON INTO DIVINE SERVICE AND PRESENTS HER PASTOR WITH A GOOSE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the **POLICE GAZETTE**, of New York, with any other illustrated publication in America. Ask your newsdealer for the

POLICE GAZETTE.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

*Agents wanted where there are no newsdealers.

AN OPEN LETTER

To the Editor of the "Florida Herald," Alleged to be Published in Jacksonville, Florida.

SIR—Although you cautiously conceal your name in the columns of your newspaper, I take it for granted that you wish to be considered not only a gentleman but a real editor. As such, you are, of course, always ready and even glad to be held responsible for everything that appears in your paper. I say this, because, in the past, the Southern editor was notorious for being not only prepared but even eager to make good his utterances when called upon for an explanation of them. Let me hope that you belong to that good old school, and that when you are betrayed into the commission of an offence against manliness and fair play, you are not slow to correct your blunder and compensate for your ill-doing.

Well, sir, once in a while a copy of your paper reaches this office. A sample number arrived here last week. It was, in all probability, forwarded to me by yourself with the desire to show me that somewhere or other in the wilds of visitor-devouring Florida there exists a journalist of sufficient daring and credit to publish a newspaper of his own.

You will forgive me for remarking, right here, that to call your publication a "newspaper" is to pay you a compliment to which your want of manners does not entitle you. Several Northern colleges publish class organs, compared with which, the so-called Florida Herald is a weak and tedious hand-bill. Perhaps the struggle for mere existence to which you are reduced gives you little time to really edit your paper, and thus explains its astonishing puerility. If such be the case, accept an assurance of my sympathy.

In the issue, a copy of which you sent to this office heavily marked with blue pencil, was an article in which you roundly abused the **POLICE GAZETTE**. From the tone of that article, it was apparent that you never read this paper.

Perhaps the severe conditions of a Florida editorship deny you the ten cents which each copy of the **POLICE GAZETTE** costs. If your ignorance of the paper is to be thus explained, I shall be glad to make up for your pecuniary inability and send you a copy once in a while, that you may read it, without charging you even for the postage.

You speak of this paper as "an insolent pictorial publication, which in all its abandonment of modesty and its assurance of immorality protrudes itself glaringly from every news stand."

I do not know what all this rhodomontade may mean among your "Cracker" and clay-eating constituents in Florida, but I draw from it the inference that you intend to denounce the **POLICE GAZETTE** as "immoral" and "insolent." I am encouraged to put this construction on your mouthings by your additional statement that in the **POLICE GAZETTE** are published "colored illustrations" which "inculcate immorality and lust." You further speak of the **POLICE GAZETTE** as a "licentious sheet."

Now, sir, it may be that in Jacksonville, where you are esteemed at your true value, nobody credits you with knowing what you write about or pays any attention whatever to the rubbish you see fit to emit. But I prefer to treat you as a reasonably sane person who has an ordinary knowledge of the English language.

To the point, then: In what number of the **POLICE GAZETTE**, published under its present management, has there appeared a single "lustful" or "licentious" picture? In what number has there appeared an illustration, "colored" or plain that was in any sense either immodest or immoral, or which inculcated lust? You surely must have had some such picture in your mind when you wrote your article. If you had not, naturally and logically you must be a poor sneaking sort of liar trying to cover up your own naughtiness and bestiality by calling attention to defects which do not really exist in others.

These columns are open to you. Whatever you may print in answer to this challenge shall have the world-wide circulation of the **POLICE GAZETTE**. Your reply will be read and pondered in every quarter of the globe. Such a chance will never recur to you again. Avail yourself of it. If you can mention a single illustration or a single line of letter press that will, under the most vigorous distortion, even seem to supply you with a microscopic proof of your rash, hypocritical and lying charge, let us have it. Stand on no ceremony and waste no time.

For a long period I have stood with silent contempt this sort of innuendo at the hands of Pecksnuffs like you. Now, I demand that you shall make good what you say. I fear that I expect too much of you when I call upon you to prove the truth of the inky utterances under which, like a cuttle fish, you hide your own devious morality. You will, in all probability, shrink away from the challenge like a noisy and senseless cur that has been whipped into quiet.

But I do not intend to let you earn the Pharisaic congratulations of your kind so easily. You shall either prove that you had evidence to justify you in speaking of the "immorality," "insolence," "lustfulness" and "licentiousness" of the **POLICE GAZETTE**, or you shall be pilloried from Singapore to Hudson's Bay as a cheap and paltry sneak who not only lied but who knew that he was lying when he lied. Yours always,

RICHARD K. FOX.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

A private view of the pyrotechnic Siege of Sebastopol, under the direction this time, not of the allied armies, but of those clever people, Messrs. Pain & Sons, of London, was given at Manhattan Beach on Saturday week last. The night was everything that could be desired for a "show" of this description, and the spectators enjoyed it immensely. It is incomparably the best exhibition of the kind that has been given in this country, and well deserved the applause which was bestowed upon it. The siege of operations, if not conducted precisely in accordance with the rules laid down in the works of M. Vauban and other famous military authorities, was at any rate sufficiently interesting, and at times thrilling. It might more correctly have been called the "Storming of Sebastopol," and the amount of saltpetre that was burned on the occasion, and the odor of which filled the air for miles round was terrific. The Russians fought their guns bravely, but were in the end unable to withstand the attack of the allied armies who, assisted by a terrific fire from several line of battle ships, finally succeeded in driving the Muscovite legions from their stronghold, and hoisting the union jack triumphantly in the place of the blue cross of St. Andrew.

A pleasant addition to the fireworks display this season is the introduction of a troop of British cavalry, who give an interesting exhibition of the camp life of the soldier, especially illustrating his diversions in the way of "tent pegging," single stick exercise, fencing, and "fancy" riding. This part of the entertainment is under the direction of Mr. Quarles, late of the Twelfth Lancers, who himself takes a prominent part in the exercises, and was received with evident delight by the assemblage. The Siege of Sebastopol was repeated on Tuesday.

There is a story being actively circulated to the effect that a certain star soubrette actress has been separated from her husband, and that there is a possibility that the causes of the separation may come before the courts in the shape of a divorce suit. The story has become such common talk among theatrical people that it is about time some contradiction of it should be made. The people referred to belong to the very best circle of theatrical life; and I am fully convinced there is not a word of truth in the rumor. I do not mention names in this connection, for the simple reason that I respect the lady in question very much indeed, and that I have always considered her, in common with everybody else who knows anything about the stage and its surroundings, as one of the model women connected with it. Her husband is a splendid fellow, and the married existence of these people has been held up as an example of how well theatrical people can conduct themselves in their private life. It seems a strange thing that after so many years of exemplary conduct on both sides, that at last their affairs should be made the subject of calumny. I am satisfied that the whole story is made out of whole cloth.

I see that Miss Ober, the former manageress of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, has made a nice little sum of money out of the sale of some real estate. Last fall some time she purchased from ex-secretary Robeson a tract of land on the heights to the north of Washington on the Columbia road. For this she paid the sum of \$80,000. Last Friday she sold the same property to a syndicate for \$110,000. Miss Ober seems to be singularly fortunate in everything she undertakes in a financial way. It might be mentioned in connection with this lady that there is absolutely no truth in the story which has been circulated to the effect that she would be associated with Karl and others in the formation of a new opera company which will take the road next season in opposition to the Boston Ideals. Miss Ober has made a great deal of money in the theatrical business, but like a very clever woman she managed to get out of it just in time with a snug fortune. I am perfectly satisfied nothing on earth would induce her to go back into the business again.

I am told that Mrs. James Brown Potter is so thoroughly disgusted with her want of success in London that she is almost inclined to give in to the earnest request of her husband, and abandon her projected tour in America next season. It is an open secret that Mr. Potter has from the start been strongly opposed to his wife's ambition in this direction, and I know he has used every influence that he could bring to bear to prevent her from adopting the stage as a regular profession. That he was unsuccessful in the first place was no fault of his, but he showed his positive disapproval of the whole proceeding by remaining in New York at the time she made her debut in London. Since it has become an acknowledged fact that the lady is a failure from an artistic point of view, all her other relatives have joined her husband in persuading her to abandon the stage entirely.

The story is revived that Mr. Howell Osborn, who has figured so unpleasantly before the public during the last two years on account of his connection with Fay Templeton, and other indiscretions, is actually married to this lady. I do not suppose it matters a continental to the world whether he is married to her or not, but at the same time I think it is about time he set the matter at rest one way or the other. When he was in England he stated most positively that he had not married her. She retaliated by saying that he had. He left her, it will be remembered, in London penniless, and came back to America. Only a few days since she followed him, and the two are now billing and cooing in New York as though nothing had ever happened to mar the even tenor of their love. It is now openly stated that she is legally married, and the young man has tacitly admitted it by saying nothing to the contrary. I do not suppose it is anybody's business which way the matter stands, but the newspapers have said so much about it that I think Mr. Osborn owes it to himself to make a clear statement one way or the other and set the gossips at rest once and for all.

A very sad case has recently been brought to my notice of a young woman who has been completely ruined through her fancy and admiration for amateur theatricals. The young lady in question is the daughter of a very excellent family. Her father is a prominent merchant in this city, and her mother moves in what might be termed very good society. Her passion, however, for amateur theatricals and the consequent associations led her, I am sorry to say, astray, and it developed only on Saturday last that she was completely ruined. The matter has been kept quiet for the sake of those with whom she is connected, and I for one do not care in consequence to publish names. I mention this case, however, in support of the remarks I have made on previous occasions in connection with the folly of allowing young women to have too much to do with this species of amusement. I sincerely hope

that men who have growing daughters will take heed by the matter in question, and endeavor to prevent them from cultivating their taste in this direction any further.

Marshall P. Wilder must be doing some remarkably good work with the agents of the Associated Press in London. Every now and then one finds the announcement in the telegraphic columns of the daily papers stating that Mr. Wilder is the guest of this or that celebrity, and on Sunday I noticed that all the daily papers in New York printed in good sober earnest the statement that he would be the guest of the Lord Mayor at a dinner which would be given this week to the dramatic profession. Of course all this is pure rubbish. The Lord Mayor of London is not aware that any such person as Wilder exists. The dinner in question is one to be given to the dramatic profession at large, and to which with a little trouble and influence among the local theatrical people it is very easy to obtain an invitation. Mr. Wilder has probably managed to squeeze himself in on this basis, and with his usual aptitude for advertisement has immediately rushed to his friend on the Associated Press, and caused it to be telegraphed to America that he is the special guest of the Lord Mayor. As a matter of fact this little clown has become an unmitigated nuisance, and I sincerely hope, if the members of the British aristocracy are as much attached to him as he would have us believe they are, that they will keep him among them.

William Yardley, the English playwright, is spending the summer at George Clarke's residence, at Norwalk, Conn., and is engaged in writing stage productions, from comic opera to drama and farce. It is not generally known that Mr. Yardley assisted materially in the writing of "Fashion," Mme. Dolore's play, and that he will be interested financially in its production by the Madison Square company.

Tony Pastor closed his season in Chicago on Saturday night last, and leaves for Europe in a couple of weeks, returning in time to start on the road again in September.

"The Three Widows," a light-weight farce by an amateur playwright of this city was produced at the Chicago Opera House by the Conservatory company, the other day. The piece, according to report, was very bad and showed that the young man who has had the courage to father it possesses neither literary ability nor literary training. The Conservatory company deserves a better fate than that of being compelled to enact rot of this sort.

Violet Cameron's husband, De Bensaude, got a verdict of \$1,000 against the Manchester *Umpire* the other day for speaking ill of him. This is the second paper De Bensaude has obtained damages from since his return to England, and the defendant to his next suit will be Lord Lonsdale, it is said.

A board bill from \$10 to \$18 a day while traveling, a bottle of wine every day, and two on Sunday, and candy, fruit, etc., costs Lillian Russell exactly \$100 a week. At least that is what she testified to the other day in New York when suit was brought against her for \$802.28, representing costumes furnished. Miss Russell said she received \$200 a week salary, but one-half of this was used to pay off some debts contracted in behalf of her husband, Solomon, and the other half was "just enough for her to live on."

Gertrude Kellogg, who was Edwin Forrest's support just prior to his death, has been engaged for next season with the Booth-Barrett company. Miss Kellogg has been in Europe for a long time, giving readings in the provinces. She was a member of the company when John T. Raymond first produced "Col. Sellers" at the Park theatre, and made quite a success as *Laura Hawkins*.

Mrs. Langtry has \$200,000 invested in real estate in New York. At this rate she will be in a position to pay Mr. Langtry alimony when the divorce they have been talking about is secured.

A sight behind the scenes during "Pinafore" at Madison Square Garden was interesting. There were only four dressing-rooms to accommodate something like 250 people, and these even had to be constructed out of disused flats made of battings, canvas and paint that had been loaned by the various theatres of the town. A Spanish cathedral turned upside down was joined to a New York hotel, and a portion of the Palace of Versailles came right up against the Sixth Ward Station House, borrowed from Mr. Harrigan. In one room, making a square of about twenty-five feet, the male principals dressed. In another of equal size the female principals performed their toilets. The male chorus were located in an apartment about forty feet long, and the female chorus, consisting of 120 young women, occupied a tremendous room canvassed off from the large space behind the ship, that appeared to float in Croton water. A peep into this room while the girls were on the stage revealed a generally negligent though harmonious arrangement of "make up" tables and little pots and brushes with which the girls decorate their cheeks and make their eyes glisten by blackening their lashes and brows.

Of course the chorus doesn't have to go through the same trouble of making up as is necessary for the principals, yet it is a part of the business to know how to appear well, and paint is an absolute necessity. One hundred and twenty hooks held 120 dresses and hats, and sometimes an old shawl or two. Street boots had been exchanged for stage slippers and were all arranged in long rows. Gas glared everywhere, yet not a soul was in the big room to watch over it all. It is worth saying without any invidious intention, that during the whole week not a single article was missed, implying a larger degree of honesty than marked the location devoted to the men, where it is said a watch and chain disappeared, belonging to one of the carpenters.

A curious incident happened on Thursday night. It seems that a little bunch of four or five roses, tied with a white ribbon and holding a tiny diamond ring, was sent up to be thrown to one of the females in the cast. The leader evidently considered it so insignificant that he didn't bother to throw it across the expanse of croton water in the tank, probably because he feared there was not sufficient weight to carry it that distance. And so the affair passed unnoticed until after the performance, when the person who was to receive the bouquet appeared to be in a state of great excitement and went to the manager complaining that she was to have received some flowers, and that a diamond ring was attached to them. The search was made and the faded flowers and the tiny ring were found under the conductor's stand. It turned out that the ring belonged to the lady in question, and that she intended to make a presentation to herself. The accidental non-arrival of the ring threw her into a condition of such perturbation that she gave the whole story away.

OUR PICTURES.

A Horrible Experience.

A special from Butler, Mo., June 14, says: Yesterday the Fisher brothers, Wesley and Elmer, were crossing a bridge with a traction engine. The west half of the structure gave way and the engine, with both men, fell some fifteen feet below, plunging both under the engine. The elder, Wesley, was held under the water and died at once. Elmer was held fast in the water, but with his head above. It was nearly two hours before he was released and the dead body of his brother taken out.

He Tipped the House Over.

A special from Chicago, June 13, says: Mike Callahan went to make a call at a house in "Rotten Row." The house was undergoing some repairs and was jacked up several feet. During the evening Mike was thrown out, and for revenge he proceeded to jack up one corner so high that the house upset. The whole building went bodily over on its roof, the chimney sticking in the mud, while the terrified occupants came clambering out through the cellar door, which was where the roof hatch ought to be.

Roasted His Wife to Death.

From El Paso, Texas, a correspondent writes June 9: A shocking case of cruelty to a wife with probably fatal results occurred to-day. El Paso is surrounded on all sides by suburbs containing a poor and low Mexican population, depraved, dishonest and ferocious. In one of these huts Juan Guavanza, a wood peddler, became infuriated with his wife, who was cooking breakfast at an open fire place. He threw her backward into the fire and held her there until the neighbors arrived, attracted by her shrieks. The woman is fatally burned, and the perpetrator escaped to the other side of the Rio Grande.

Bernhardt's Pet.

From Chicago, June 11, a correspondent writes: Sara Bernhardt, who has just concluded an engagement here, had with her a young tiger which she called Minette. The pet, while kind and docile with the divine Sara, manifested an awkward desire to bite pieces out of the waiters who attended the tragedienne. While one of these unfortunates named Zogelman was serving dinner on Thursday the pet caught him by the hand and badly lacerated it. Another waiter narrowly escaped a similar fate.

Sara cuddled the creature in her arms, and seemed joyous over the fact that none of its teeth were broken. Sara and Minette left the hotel Thursday night for New York, and also left two mad individuals at the hostelry. Mr. Zogelman threatens for revenge. He will sue for damages. He is between two fires, for Mr. Schrieber, the hotel manager, swears he will discharge Zogelman the minute he begins the suit.

The Asbury Park Bathing Suit.

A dispatch from Asbury Park says: Ex-Postmaster P. G. Snedeker has been appointed by Mr. Bradley as Beach Superintendent outside of the bathing houses. Mr. Snedeker's duty will be to see that the bathers do not attire themselves in conspicuous costumes, but instead wear the regulation suit, which is of a heavy, loose-fitting blue flannel. Mr. Bradley says he intends drawing the line this summer on the style of bathing clothes, and will not have persons strolling along the beach dressed in a "loud suit," got up ostensibly to show off the wearer's fine form. One thing that Mr. Bradley objects to more than anything else is the décollete costumes, and has given instructions that all persons emerging from the bath houses arrayed in these indecent suits should be at once told that their outfits were unpopular and a change must be made. As the bathing ground at this place is private property, it is quite likely that the new rules will be stringently enforced.

College Hoodlums.

A correspondent at Carlisle, Pa., writes June 10: Dickinson College was the scene of the most disgraceful conduct last night. The occasion was the annual reception given by President McCauley to the senior class. During the evening a band of lawless "undergrads" surrounded the house, watching every door, exploring the outbuildings and even entering the cellar in an attempt to steal the supper. This a posse of janitors frustrated. Foiled in this, they cut off the gas, out the Doctor had anticipated them and provided himself with lamps, trimmed and burning. They then gathered under the windows and indulged in the worst kind of rowdiness—singing, hooting and yelling. A party next broke into the president's lecture room, which adjoins his dining room. The stout door communicating between these they battered with heavy tenpin balls, and at length sent one crashing through the panels and into the dining room, the president's daughter and several of the guests narrowly escaping serious injury. Other missiles were also hurled into the room. The college authorities will make the offenders smart if they are discovered.

Shot His Stepmother.

A special from Steubenville, Ohio, June 10, says: At nine o'clock to-night George O'Brien shot and perhaps fatally wounded his stepmother, Mrs. John O'Brien, at their home on Third street. The would-be murderer fired four shots at her, three of which took effect. The victim was at work in the kitchen kneading bread when the unfeeling wretch entered the door, revolver in hand. She had her back toward him when he opened fire. The first shot took effect in the middle of the back, the second in the head, the third cut off the little finger of her right hand, and the last went into the wall. The wound in the head is but a scalp wound and is not dangerous, but the one in the back will probably prove fatal. The victim was living at 11 P. M., but very weak and suffering intensely.

George O'Brien, the would-be assassin, is about twenty years of age, and is a bad character. His father married the widow of Christopher Fallon just a year ago, and George took a great dislike to his stepmother. They had frequent quarrels, and on several occasions he threatened to kill her. She tried to pacify him but in vain. To-day he drank pretty freely. Going to the house to-night and finding his stepmother alone he committed the bloody deed. Mrs. O'Brien is about fifty years of age. The doctors are probing for the ball in the woman's back, but are unable to find it. After the shooting young O'Brien fled, taking the weapon with him, and up to this writing he is still at large. It is thought he crossed the river in a skiff and fled to West Virginia hills. The shooting created great excitement.

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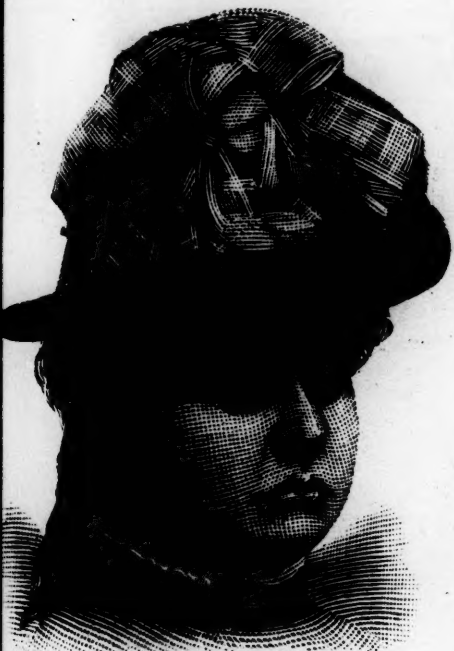
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Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Miss Plummer's Revolver.

Miss Plummer is a sister of Prof. Plummer, the principal of the East Side high school, at Des Moines, Iowa. She was there on a visit with her brother. Her home is in the Black Hills, where people congregate behind barns and in old fields, in the valleys and on the hill tops on Sabbath to shoot at targets for mere pastime, and a woman in that country is just as true a shot as a man is a dead shot.

One Thursday afternoon about three o'clock, some two weeks ago, Miss Plummer left her brother's house for a few minutes, and entered the rear yard upon her return. The other people of the house were gone. The first thing that Miss Plummer noticed that was a little out of the order of things was the window of the pantry up. This surprised her and put her to thinking. Her first thought was that there was some thief in the house. She boldly entered the house and went straightway the pantry, but it was found to be empty.

On coming out of the pantry she noticed the door of the closet adjoining was ajar. She peeped and plainly discerned the figure of a man on the inside, dimly outlined by the inner darkness. Miss Plummer turned to walk away, when the man stepped out of the closet into the room, and advanced toward her. She retreated into the parlor and, taking her brother's revolver down from its holding, coolly drew it upon the man. When he sighted the cold steel pointed toward him and viewed its death-dealing calibre, he said, "Don't you shoot me!" Miss Plummer replied with that coolness only known to women of western air: "I will mark the number of your days, sir, if you don't get out of this house," and she kept him covered with the ugly weapon. She continued to retreat and he to advance until he came to that point opposite the sitting room door, when he went out of the house by way of the kitchen like a bullet. Had he lingered much longer he would have made an angel of him. Miss Plummer described the man to a lady neighbor and the description tallied to a dot with the description of a large, tall, dark complected man, who was at the home of Mr. Williams the day before, soliciting orders for enlarging pictures.

RAZORS IN THE AIR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Columbia, S. C., says: A duel with razors occurred near Woodruff, on the public highway, yesterday afternoon. The principals were two dusky amazons and the cause was a mutual sweetheart, whose entire affections were claimed by both. Both were girls, and the battle was hard and furious. The women fought until they succumbed from exhaustion, caused by loss of blood. Both parties received severe and, perhaps, fatal wounds. They fought with razors, which were skillfully manipulated. The principal wounds were received in the face, breasts and arms. The spot in the road where the duel occurred was covered with blood.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Steckel lives at Allentown, Pa. On a recent Sunday, just as the minister was dismissing the congregation, she appeared in church clad in a white dress and having a flaming red sash bound about her head and crossed over her breast, the ends hanging loosely to the ground. A yellow girdle was bound around her waist. On her head she carried a boy's express wagon, the tongue of which pointed upward, and was trimmed with evergreens. The body of the wagon was full of oranges, lemons, and other fruits and vegetables. A large live goose, securely fastened to the wheel, with outstretched pinions, was seated in the wagon. The goose made a great noise as it was borne aloft. Without saying a word Mrs. Steckel deposited her burden in the church and departed.

FRED. WARNER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Fred. Warner, known widely as "Handsome Poodle," has been found guilty of robbing the Union News Company office at Hagerstown, Md. Poodle said he got in with the crowd on the night of the robbery through women and drink. He met, he says, Fred. Bennett and Irvin Brua on the court house pavement, when they also met some girls. In his own words, Warner spoke as follows: "Bennett called me aside and said: 'Let's go do Clark for his diamonds.' I said: 'When do you come for them tools?' The reason why we broke into the tax collector's office was to blow up the safe. Then we all went to the depot—girls too. We got together opposite the Union News Company. Brua opened a car and had the girls in there. Then we drove to get into the house. We had in Hagerstown a 'crack' from Sheppardstown, named Sheppard. I was too sick to do much and was put on guard

to watch. Brua stood at Loe's corner, I. Bennett went to the window and took off it. Then he entered, and pretty soon can box of money, which we soon afterward we all took some. Then Bennett went a lot of cigars which he had wrapped up in his overcoat. He carried them to his room on the square." Then Poodle went on to state that the cigars were burnt by Bennett's friends and that Bennett was arrested in Washington. "Bennett was to offer the cigars," said Poodle, "to Logan, who didn't know anything about the robbery. We had a Philadelphia man here to blow up the safe, but he didn't go with us to the places. He was, though, at Bennett's room, when we left it in the evening; Bennett met me at 1 o'clock that night, after the robbery, as we had separated when we got through. He met me at saloon and had the package of money, which he at first thought was Clark's diamonds, which we really were after. We broke the box open, as I said, and found it to have nothing in but a whole lot of ten cent pieces. There was \$48 stolen, and I got about \$6. There were also 500 cigars taken." Poodle showed by his confession that he was a party to the crime, and was free in his expressing the belief that it is unjust to make him suffer and leave the others go free.

DEEDS OF MASKED ROBBERS.

A Tragic Scene at the Hawn Homestead—Farmer Plank's Loss.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Huntingdon, Pa., June 18, says: Three unknown masked men entered the house of the famous Hawn brothers, in Juniata township, this morning, just as the male members of the family had gone to work, and with drawn revolvers roughly told the aged housekeeper, Katie Bush, to show them where the old men's money was concealed. She denied all knowledge of the money, and the robbers brutally assailed her, dragging her through the apartments, down the stairs, and otherwise maltreating her in their efforts to extort a confession.

Mrs. Auker, the young wife of George Auker, who was adopted in infancy by the Hawn brothers, and upon whom they have settled their vast estates, told her husband of the presence of the men, and upon his return to the house two of the robbers fled after firing upon Christian Steinmetz, an infirm employee in the house. Mr. Auker seized a gun and fired at the remaining robber, but missed. The robber immediately raised his revolver and lodged a bullet in Mr. Auker's left breast, just above the heart. Auker, unconscious of his wound, grappled with his assailant, wrenched his revolver from him and shot him in the left eye. Both men then fell exhausted by loss of blood, Auker crying out to his wife:

"I am shot. I must die."

The wounded robber came to Auker's side, patted him on the shoulder and said: "Yes, we must both die," and staggered into the woods. His trail of blood was followed for over two miles, but was finally lost. It is believed that he has died in the woods. Scores of farmers hurried to the scene and are now searching in all directions for the robbers. If they are caught they will need no jury trial. Young Auker's wound is regarded as fatal.

ROBBED AND THROWN OVERBOARD.

Bold Assault by Highwaymen on Craigie's Bridge Near Boston.

A special from Boston, June 14, says: About 1 o'clock this morning a gentleman living in Cambridge was crossing the bridge on his way home from Boston. When on the draw he saw several young fellows standing on the Cambridge side, but not thinking they intended to molest him he continued on his way. When within twenty feet of them two fellows stepped on the curbstone, while the others remained leaning against the railing of the bridge. As he started to walk between them the roughs on the curbstone seized and held him, while their "pals" went through his pockets. The Cambridge man made as much resistance as he possibly could, but it was of no avail. The highwaymen, finding that they could not prevent their victim from crying out for assistance, threw him overboard.

The man being able to swim, he managed to reach the Boston side. He clung to one of the piles until his cries for help were heard by the draw-tender, who rescued him. He was nearly exhausted when taken from the water, and it is doubtful if he could have lived much longer. The murderous act was reported to the Boston and Cambridge police, and officers in both cities are now working on the case, but they have not obtained any clew to the highwaymen.

The draw-tender took the man to his house, and when the stranger had recovered let him go without asking his name. The locality where the robbery was committed is a public thoroughfare, over which thousands of people pass every day. During the evening there are a large number of persons passing over "Craigie's Bridge," as it is called, until a late hour on their way home to Cambridge. A short time ago a Watertown man was robbed in the same way and thrown into the water. Being unable to swim he was drowned.

A BRUTAL MURDER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Richmond, Ind., June 13, says: Today William Bell, a farmer living over the Ohio line, drove to Eaton, the county seat of Preble, with his daughter, leaving his wife, aged thirty-five, and son, aged twelve, at home. About 5 o'clock the latter was startled by pistol shots, and, hurrying down stairs, was terrified to see his mother in the hands of three burly tramps, one of whom was armed with an axe. In his fright he ran to a neighbor's, and help soon arrived, but a ghastly scene awaited them. The woman was lying dead upon the floor, in a pool of blood, her head crushed in on one side and nearly cut off. The shots fired lodged in the door and window casings. Even the ceiling was stained with her blood. The manner in which the drawers and shelves in the house were searched indicated the purpose, but they obtained small booty. The country is being scourged by posers of excited men, who will make quick work of meteing out justice if successful in their search.

MURDERED BY A BRUTE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Xenia, Ohio, June 12 says: Word was received here to-day of a terrible affair that occurred near Jamestown, eleven miles east of this city, last night. Peter Betters, a worthless colored man who lately returned from the penitentiary, where he had been serving a term, has been making his home with a very respectable, aged colored woman named Mrs. Martha Thomas, whose husband died a few months ago, came to the house last night and made an attempt, it is supposed, to outrage Mrs. Thomas, who is sixty-

five years old, and was alone in the house with two small grandchildren.

When the neighbors came to the house this morning a terrible scene was witnessed. The woman lay in an unconscious condition, her arm broke, skull crushed, and the contents of a feather bed, which had been torn apart, thrown over her. The room showed that a fierce struggle had taken place, and that the woman had fought desperately for her life. Everything possible was done for her, but during the day she died. The home of Mrs. Thomas is about three miles from Jamestown, and men started at once in search of Betters, who was captured during the day at the fair grounds, a short distance west of the village and immediately lynched.

A MANIAC WITH A REVOLVER.

He Attempted to Kill His Wife and Her Brother, but was Finally Shot with a Rifle.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

From St. Joseph, Mo., a correspondent writes, June 19: James B. Molcow, an insane patient, escaped from State Asylum No. 2 last evening, and made his way to his home, near Gower, twenty miles distant, arriving there at about 11 o'clock. His wife had retired, but her brother, Mr. Allen, was up. The crazy man silently entered the rear door and struck Allen on the head with a bar of iron, producing insensibility. Next he entered his wife's bedroom and awoke her. He had a pistol, which he presented to her head and bade her follow him. The frightened woman obeyed, and he led her to the orchard. He commanded her to take a position with her back against a tree. The woman complied. The maniac drew from his pocket a number of stones he had picked up on the way, and, with a revolver in his left hand pointed at the woman, began to pelt her with them. When she turned to run into the house the maniac opened fire on her, but did not hit her.

In the meantime Allen had returned to consciousness, and, hearing the shooting, rushed to the spot armed with a Winchester rifle. It was very dark, and before he knew it, the maniac was within ten feet of him, and began firing. Allen raised his rifle and fired, Molcow falling to the ground with a shot through the thigh. Thinking he had fatally injured the man, Allen dropped the rifle and went to his assistance.

Just as he was stooping to raise him up the maniac caught him about the neck, and then ensued a life and death struggle. The great strength of the crazy man soon overpowered Allen, and just as he was giving up Mrs. Molcow came up and struck her husband over the head, knocking him senseless. Soon after the sheriff and his deputies arrived and ironed the maniac, who is now safely lodged in the asylum hospital.

FIRING AT BATHERS.

The Cowardly Deed of Rowdies, near Nashville, Tennessee.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A Nashville, Tenn., correspondent writes, June 11: An unprovoked tragedy occurred about six o'clock this afternoon near Bean's Landing, two miles above the city. Four boys, whose ages range from ten to fifteen years, went to that vicinity to bathe. On the opposite side of the river a crowd of men and boys on a raft were firing pistols and a rifle up and down the river. The lads undressed and entered the water. They had been there but a few moments when the firing became promiscuous, and Elmore Green, one of the party, shouted to the crowd on the other side to be more careful. The request was not heeded, and Noah Cantrell, aged ten years, began to curse the crowd.

The shots were now aimed at the boys, and bullets whistled about their heads. Three of them ran to the bank and lay down behind a large log, the fourth stayed near the bank, hidden behind a small raft. Fully twenty shots were fired at them, some of which struck the bank a few feet from them. Noah Cantrell, cramped from remaining in one position, raised his head above the log and fell back. A bullet had struck him squarely in the center of the forehead. The firing continued. One of his comrades shouted that one boy had already been shot, and for God's sake to quit shooting. The reply came back over the water:

"Damn you; we will kill another," and thirteen more shots were counted before the fusillade ended. Meanwhile, the wounded boy had become senseless and motionless. Three men rowed over in a skiff from the raft, and he was carried to his home. The ball had penetrated the brain, and it was not deemed advisable to recover it after the first probing resulted unsuccessfully. Death is inevitable. He has not spoken since he was struck. No clew to the identity of the party who did the shooting could be found. His companions did not recognize them, and they ran off as soon as the men in the skiff discovered the real nature of the wound.

WILLIAM CLEAVER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

It is a rare thing nowadays to meet a good thoroughbred sporting English chouse-keeper—who have indeed, by the way, become as scarce as the real white elephants of India. They seem to have run out like some fine old stock our grandfathers crowded to us about. William Cleaver, the very happy boniface of the "Stag's Head," is perhaps the best living specimen. For thirty years this cozy hostelry has given shelter and food to man and beast, on the corner of Putnam avenue and Downing street, Brooklyn. There is hardly a sporting man of good standing in the vicinity of fifty miles who does not know "Bill" Cleaver, and his rattling team of trotters that carry him so often down the Coney Island road, and as for actors, they love him as much as they do his Bass and Welsh rarebits. Every dramatic company of any note which goes to Brooklyn think it's a very odd evening if they are not able to enjoy some of Mrs. Cleaver's excellent cooking. "Bill" Cleaver is a great lover of square sport and is always willing to back a game affair on the turf or in the field with his honest dust.

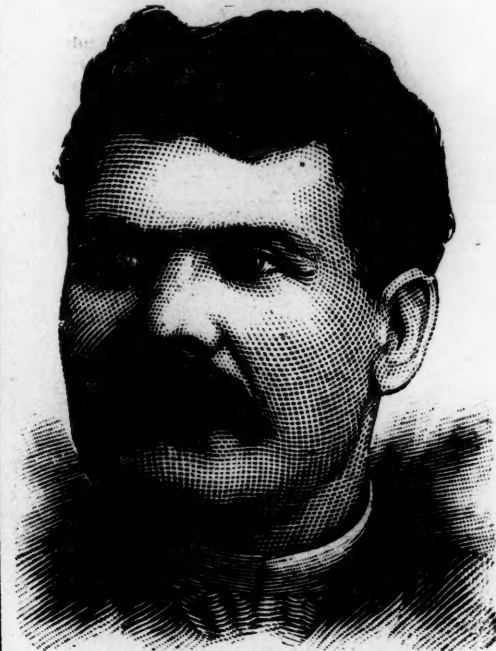
JAMES DILLON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James Dillon, of Kingston, Luzerne county, Pa., was born of Irish parents in Blackwood, Wales, Jan. 17, 1857. His first fight was with Thomas Radigan, of Manchester, Eng., whom he defeated in a bare knuckle contest of twenty-seven rounds. He has figured prominently in all the sparring tournaments that have taken place in Luzerne county for several years. His last match was with Jimmy Carrol, of the Sullivan Combination, in which contest he knocked Carrol down twice, thereby surprising his numerous friends. Mr. Shedy declared the contest a draw. He is matched to box four rounds with Prof. Harry Umlah, of New York, in the *Merry World* tournament, which takes place shortly at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Martin Conaton.

Martin Conaton is the sheriff of Huron county, Michigan, who of late has gained fame by the skillful and able manner in which he ran down Michael Morrie, the murderer of his uncle, and other criminals throughout the county. Sheriff Conaton is a very popular and hard-working officer, and is well known for his many brave acts in the vicinity of Bad Axe.

Crib.

On another page we publish a capital likeness of Crib, who beat Charley Corrigan's Tip on the morning of April 18.

Matt. L. Berry.

Matt. L. Berry is the popular and brilliant young manager of Mattie Vickers, who has achieved marvelous success this season.

Joseph Pulitzer.

The strong and characteristic face of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, who practically founded the *New York World*, is printed on another page.

Flavia Colle.

This brilliant young star has made a decided success under the management of R. A. Dumary. Her repertoire embraces a number of the best old-school dramas. Her support is excellent and is composed of the best metropolitan talent.

Fritz Hermann.

Fritz Hermann, in a terrible fit of anger, murdered his infant child, because his wife, who was a Catholic, had the baby baptized in her own faith, and then cut his own throat at Mt. Washington, near Pittsburg, Pa. At the present writing Hermann is at the point of death at the West Pennsylvania hospital.

G. Wiley Wells.

Brother Wells, otherwise known as G. Oily Wells, who is one of the principal pillars of the Methodist Church of Los Angeles, Cal., is accused of many wicked things in San Francisco with certain charming ladies. We hope, however, that Brother Wells will come out with clean hands in spite of all his accusers.

Cora Lee.

By the time this paper reaches our readers the fate of Cora Lee will be known. Her trial at Springfield, Mo., has been one of the longest and most exciting cases ever tried in the States. Cora is charged with the murder of Sarah H. Graham. She seems to have been the mistress of Graham, the former's husband, for some time before the brutal killing.

Mrs. Dan Eldred.

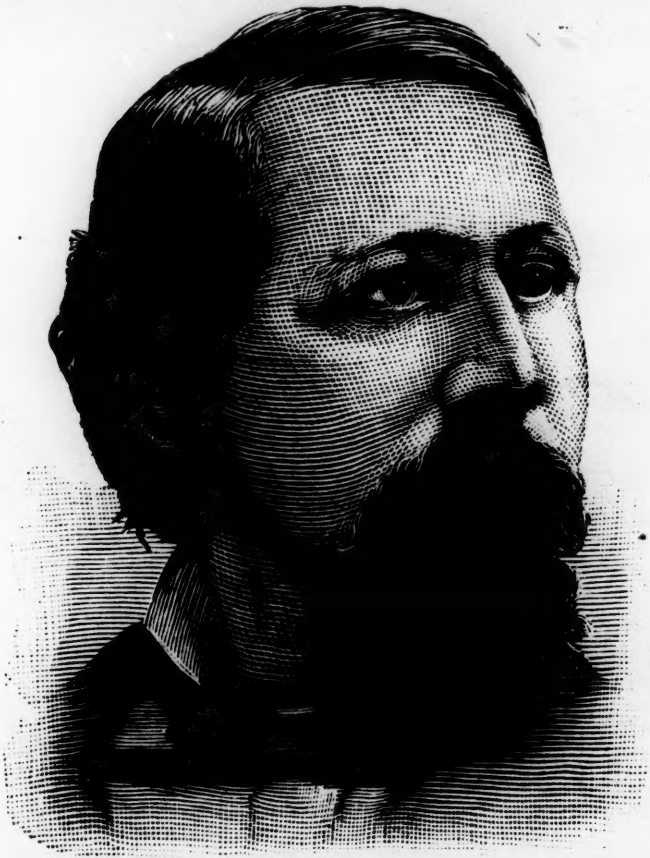
Mrs. Eldred was the wife of Dan Eldred, the old-time light-weight pugilist, who at present resides at Lafayette, Ind., and is employed as the local freight conductor on L. E. & W. R. R., up to a few weeks ago, but the veteran light-weight seems to have begun proceedings for divorce against his fair wife, which is alleged to have been granted by the court in his favor. She is charged with having too many dude admirers.

Walter S. Condon.

The nimble Mr. Condon is wanted by Chief of Police Frederick Eberhard, of Chicago, for embezzling some \$8,000 from the Switchman's Mutual Aid Association, of which society he was the trusted treasurer. The following is a description of the defaulter: About 45 years of age, 5 feet 8½ inches high, medium build, 145 weight, large nose, dark eyes, black hair, bald on top of head, and brushes his hair from the side over the bald spot, black chin whiskers and mustache, long, slim features, upper front teeth decayed, is wounded in one leg and when standing rests on the other.

Barclay Peak.

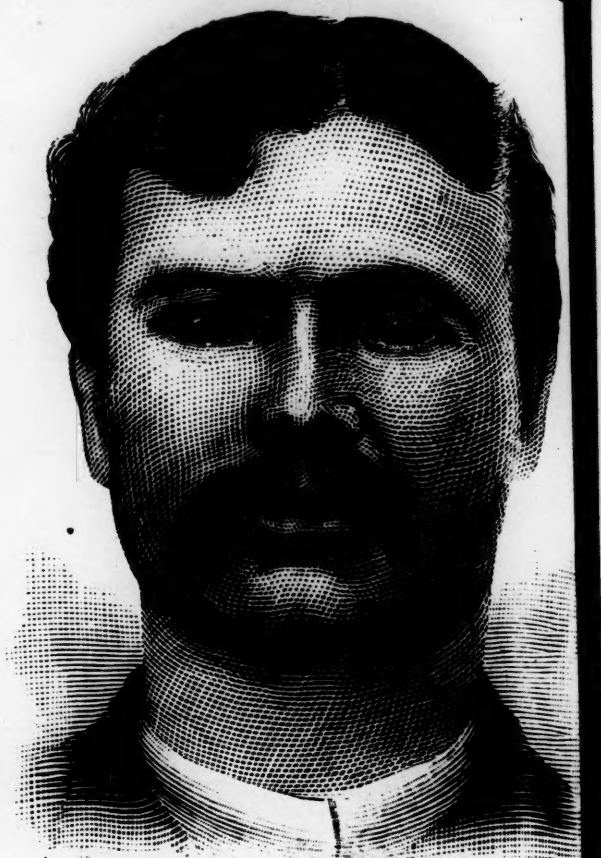
After a long and exciting trial Barclay Peak has been convicted of the murder of Mary C. Anderson, at Mount Holly, N. J. Joseph W. Endicott, the foreman of the jury, said: "We stood for conviction from the first. First we voted as to whether the girl committed suicide, then as to whether Barclay Peak shot her, and then as to whether it was murder in the first degree. Only one vote was needed to decide each of these three points. There was no hesitation. No argument was needed." A motion for a new trial will be made by Peak's counsel on June 25, on the ground, among others, that the jury has been lax in its conduct, and that several persons interested in the trial have on various occasions spoken to Foreman Endicott, Juror Borden and others.



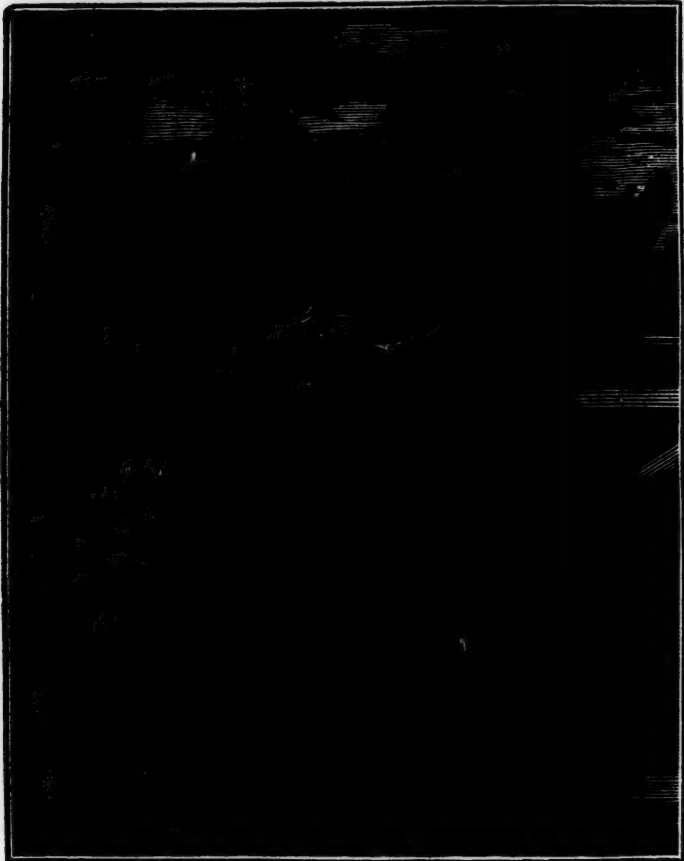
G. WILEY WELLS,
ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL PILLARS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACCUSED OF WICKED AFFAIRS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



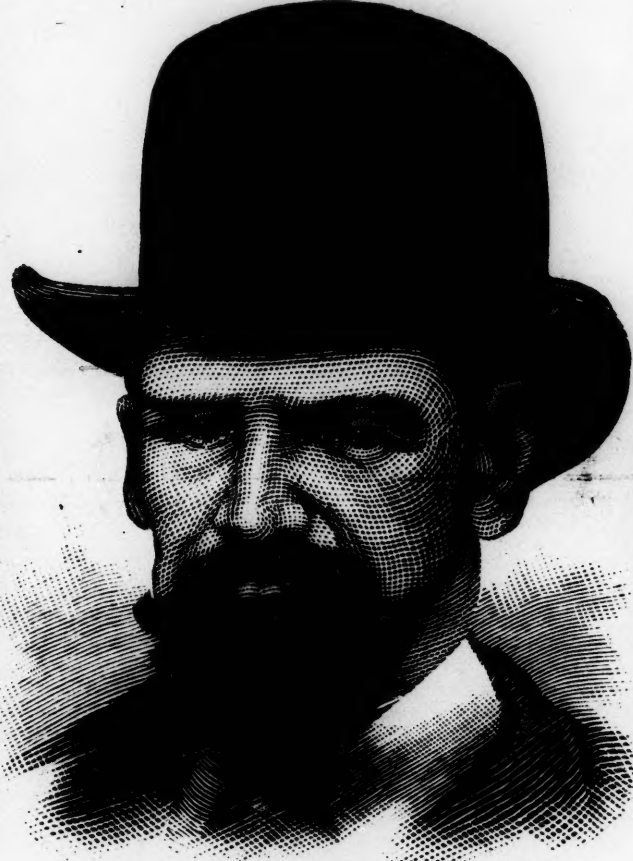
CORA LEE,
THE MISTRESS OF GEO. E. GRAHAM ON TRIAL FOR THE MURDER
OF HIS WIFE ON THE MOLLY FARM, SPRINGFIELD, MO.



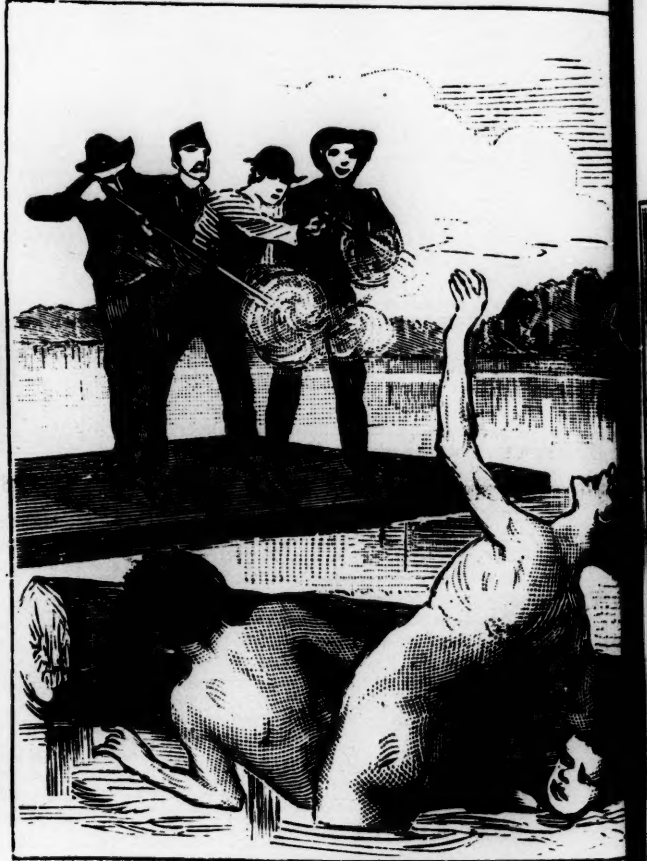
FRED WARNER,
KNOWN AS "HANDSOME POODLE" THE CROOK WHO ROBBED
UNION NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICE AT HAGERSTOWN, MD.



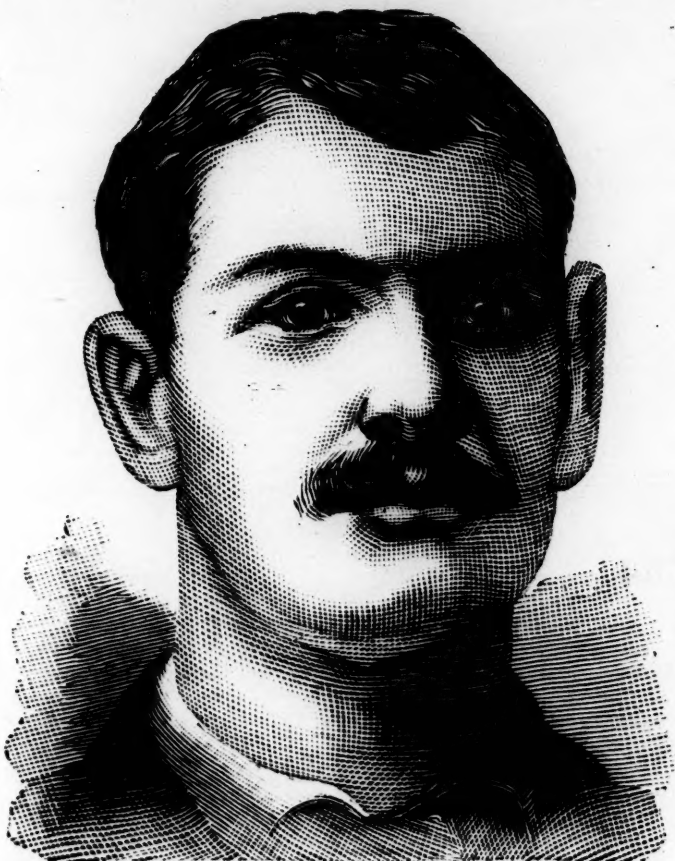
ROBBED AND THROWN OVERBOARD.
AN UNKNOWN GENTLEMAN RECEIVES ROUGH TREATMENT BY
HIGHWAYMEN ON CRAIGIE'S BRIDGE NEAR BOSTON, MASS.



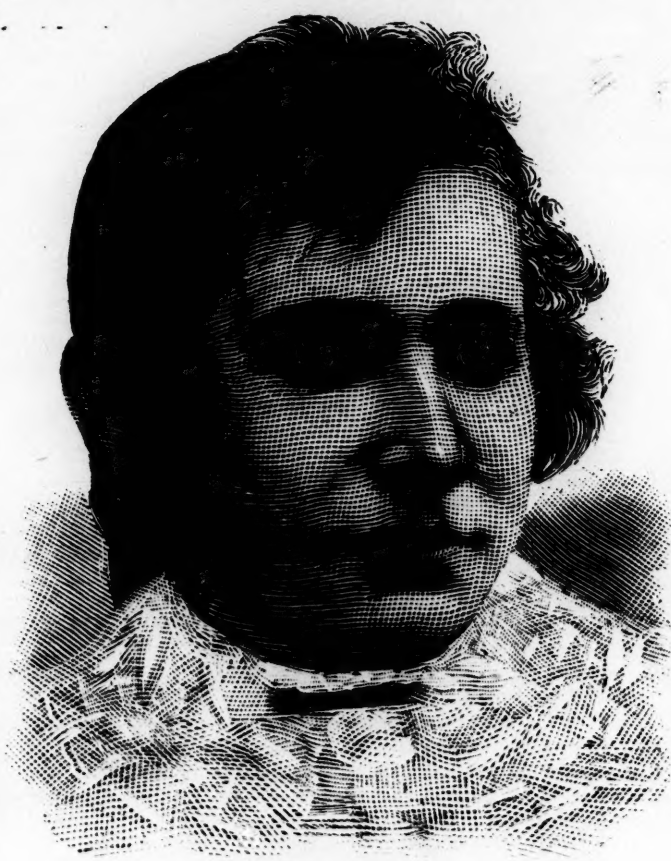
WALTER S. CONDON,
THE EX-TREASURER OF THE SWITCHMAN'S MUTUAL AID ASSOCIA-
TION OF CHICAGO WHO HAS SKIPPED OFF WITH THE FUNDS.



COWARLDY ROWDIES.
FOUR BOYS WHILE BATHING NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN., AND
FIRED UPON FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER.



BARCLAY PEAK,
CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF MARY C. ANDERSON AFTER A
LONG AND SENSATIONAL TRIAL AT MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.



MRS. DAN ELDRED,
THE WIFE OF THE-OLD TIME PUGILIST, ACCUSED OF HAVING A
VERY GAY TIME WITH DUDES OF LAFAYETTE, IND.



FRITZ HERMANN,
WHO SLAUGHTERED HIS INFANT CHILD AND CUT HIS OWN THROAT
MT. WASHINGTON, NEAR PITTSBURG, PA.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by TOWNE, Athol.]

FLAVIA COLIE,

A BRILLIANT YOUNG STAR NOW UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF R. A. DUMARY,



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by BAKER, Columbus, Ohio.]

MATT L. BERRY,

THE POPULAR AND BRILLIANT YOUNG MANAGER OF MATTIE VICKERS.



COLLEGE HOODLUMS.

A PARTY OF UNDERGRADUATES OF DICKINSON COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA, MAKE THINGS LIVELY AT THEIR PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.



SHE HAD GRIT.

ANNIE LANGSTRUM OF CECIL COUNTY, MD., HANGS BY HER HANDS FROM THE BEAMS OF A RAILROAD BRIDGE.



ROASTED HER TO DEATH.

JUAN GUAVANZA, A WOODEN-LEGGED PEDDLER OF EL PASO, TEXAS, THROWS HIS WIFE INTO AN OPEN FIRE-PLACE.

BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green
Diamond of America's
National Game.



J. McTamany.

This excellent player hails from Allentown, Pa., and has been with the Brooklyn club since the latter part of the season of 1895. He is what might be called a natural ball player, being graceful in his movements, a sure catch, fast runner, fine thrower and an excellent batter. He did yeoman's work for the Brooklyn club last season as well as this season, and is regarded by President Byrne as one of the mainstays of his club.

The Indianapolis boys are regular stuffs. Leave "Anse" alone and he will get there yet. The New Yorks will have to do some tall playing. One-armed Daily has once more been resurrected. Paul Radford is worth his weight in gold to the "Mets."

He was a "Goodfellow," but not good enough for Von der Ahe.

G. W. F.—Yes; Jack Nelson turned his one hundredth birthday week before last.

Bobby Garrett is plumb gone on the game. Barnie will hit it rich if he gets hold of him.

The boss manager of the boss club is kept pretty well in his traces on the present trip.

Old "Watch" Burnham has had a great time making a good front to the Indianapolis people.

Since the pleasant weather set in the swelling is beginning to go out of Tony Mullane's head.

The next war horse to follow Jim White in being shelved will doubtless be Charley Snyder.

Says McCormick: "A fine hod-carrier was spoiled when Grace Pearce was appointed umpire."

Asking \$50,000 for two-thirds interest in the Athletic club and getting it are two different things.

Al. Beach tried to purchase the release of one or two of the Indianapolis players, but he got beautifully left.

Roger Connor is not finding the ball as well as he did last year, but there is time yet for him to get his eye in.

The "Phillies" are a great club, but they find the Boston and New York company rather too fast for them.

It was a pitiable sight to gaze upon the faces of the Brooklyn players the day the Mets did up St. Louis 5 to 1.

Imagine Burns, of the Baltimores, with a gold-headed cane. The Baltimore people must be plumb crazy.

The five hundred ballet girls practising in their street dress has had a demoralizing effect on the ball players.

That quiet little drunk that Corcoran and Kirby went on cost the former his release and the latter a cool \$100.

Barnie is in great clover this season, as he has a winning team, and the Baltimores have gone crazy with delight.

The Baltimore ladies are becoming regular baseball cranks, and attend all the games as regular as clock work.

There are some pretty good players in the Southern League, who would be gobbled up like hot cakes were that body to collapse.

The Minneapolis people are good, law-abiding citizens, but it breaks their hearts to be shut out on their Sunday ball playing.

Grace Pierce does not appear to be much of a favorite in the West, as they claim he is harder to beat than the opposing team.

Vadoboucouer. The Portlands released him because they could not get around his name. He will make a dandy poster for Barnum.



WELCH ARRESTED TO PREVENT A RIOT.

There is considerable jealousy in the Boston team, as none of the old players take kindly to the fuss which is being made over Kelly.

Long lay-offs and extra traveling is having a telling effect in the Southern League and will go far toward wrecking that organization.

It is thought that if Indianapolis should by any possible mistake win two games in succession, that the whole town would fall into a fit.

Somehow Caylor and Esterbrook don't seem to hitch, and the dude is apparently frozen out, although one of the very best in the baseball business.

Some one borrowed Charley Snyder's dress coat while he was in Baltimore, and Charley had to go around in his shirt sleeves until his next pay day.

Mullane is willing to forgive the Cincinnati management for their ungentlemanly conduct, and go back to them for \$300 a month and half the gate receipts.

Cassey says it was the first time he was ever knocked out of the box. Well, he wants to fight shy of the New York club or it will not be the last time.

This loud-mouthed coaching should be abolished. Because Latham is a success as a clown, there is no excuse for his imitators making fools of themselves.

Bob Emelle has returned to Canada, and for Heaven's sake let him stay there, as he is of no earthly use to any club in the States, however bum it may be.

Jerry Denny thought he was struck by greased lightning, and that his last days had come when he received his two degrees in the Indianapolis lodge of Elks.

Von der Ahe puts up with no fooling, and in spite of the brilliant style in which his men are playing ball, he fined Latham and Robinson for poor playing recently.

Jack Hayes is playing in his old form in Nashville, and has taken the town by storm with his batting and fielding. The old stuff has always been Jack's worst enemy.

Well enough is a good thing to leave alone, and the Scranton club will wish they had left it alone by the time they have spent a month or so in the International League.

One of the ways to economize is to fine hell out of the players. You can always manage to pay expenses that way, even if you don't make a large amount of money.

Joe Quest has announced his intention to re-enter the baseball arena. This is like unearthing some old crockery buried for the past thousand years and putting it to use.

Mullane was told to go out of the Cincinnati grounds. He wouldn't go out, so they took him by the nape of the neck and slung him out. Now Tony is bringing suit for damages.

Tommy Esterbrook is not playing in his usually brilliant style this season, in fact he is not playing at all of any account, as Caylor keeps him warming the cushions in the grand stand.

The Lawrences don't allow Kiley to pitch more than a game a week. When he is off duty he is done up in pink cotton and put away where the sun won't strike him.—*Losell Times*.

Baseball is being brought down to a fine focus when the cranks threaten to boycott the grounds unless the management makes certain changes in the team, to satisfy their whims.

Wait. Appliton is in California and as usual is shooting off his mouth with his jackass predictions. He is ple for the California space fiends, as they get about ten inter-laws a day out of him.

The Athletics stooped to some very dirty tricks in order to defeat the St. Louis Browns, and their charges against Comiskey and Welch are made without the slightest foundation.

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pionship, to be competed for by the winners of the League and Association pennants.

Jim Mutrie made the greatest record of any man that ever played short stop. He put out thirteen men and assisted seventeen times. It was so long ago, however, that Jim does not remember what club he was playing with or what club he was playing against, nor does he remember what year it was in, but he knows he can prove it by a shoemaker in Fall River who scored the game.

It is rich to hear of the St. Louis club making charges of rowdiness against the Baltimore club. This is like the thief with the stolen property, pointing at some one else and shouting stop thief. The St. Louis club has won two-thirds of its games by rowdiness and it knocks them cold to see any other club rob them of the only means they have of winning games. It is a serious matter and no one blames them for kicking.

Some of the ball players who imagine they are overworked are kicking like mules. If there was no such thing as ball playing these very same fellows would carry the hod from morning until night, and would be only too glad of having that means of making a livelihood. The trouble is that some men don't know when they have a good thing, and they imagine that the moment they have money in their pockets that they are millionaires and their heads grow too large for their bodies.

New Orleans is silly enough to imagine it has a chance to get into the contemplated twelve-club league. Don't let that foolish idea enter your pates for a minute as there are some big first-class clubs that are to be crowded to the wall through this very deal. There are tricks in every trade but ours, and the twelve-club scheme is only worked in order to secure a corner on baseball. Keep your eyes open and you will get on to some pretty lively scheming and plotting next winter.

Billings and Thompson were both very anxious to catch a ball in a game at Marblehead, Mass., June 18. Too many cooks spoil the broth. They caught each other. Billings had his frontal bone crushed in and received a terrible gash on the side of the head. Thompson was also badly used up. Both men were knocked insensible and had to be sent to the Salem Hospital in that condition. This thing of two fellows trying to catch the same ball while running at a breakneck speed is not a good scheme, and is nothing like as pleasant as it is cracked up to be.

The general impression is that Crothers was about right when he refused to have his picture taken in a group with Higgins, the "Coon." This thing of ringing niggers into white clubs and compelling the players to associate with them is beyond common decency, and Crothers deserves great credit for showing his manhood. If Syracuse wants a colored club there are plenty of niggers to be had, but this thing of having their teams made up of half black and half white, like many of the International League clubs, is really disgusting and, if anything, degrading.

The bon ton Delaware Field club, of Wilmington, got badly sucked in recently. They are a very swell lot of society boys of wealthy parentage. They were anxious to have a game and looking over the Philadelphia papers the swiftest name they could find was the Amos Scott club. They challenged them through the mail. Their friends were all invited and about three hundred of the toniest people in the city put in an appearance. Carriages were sent to the depot for the Amos Scotts. When the train arrived and it was discovered that the Amos Scotts were all as black as the ace of spades there was hell to play.

Curt Welch tried one of his dirty tricks in Baltimore, June 16, when it was only through the able efforts of the police that he escaped the wrath of the mob, who seemed bent on lynching him. Even as it was several gentlemen caused the arrest of Welch, which broke up the game. The difficulty arose in the ninth inning. Welch made a base hit and tried to steal second. The ball was splendidly thrown to Greenwood, who stepped out of the line of base and stood ready to touch Welch. Without paying the slightest attention to the base Welch made straight for Greenwood and ran into him with great force, knocking him down and hurting him very badly. Greenwood rolled about in agony, and the umpire refused to declare Welch out. The Baltimore players crowded around the umpire and the crowd becoming excited wanted to kill Welch. This is only one of his numerous dirty tricks. JUNE.

A BRAVE GIRL'S PERIL.

She Hangs by Her Hand From a Railroad Bridge.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Baltimore, Md., June 11, says: Annie Langstrum, of Cecil county, this State, was until a week ago only an ordinary country girl, not even blessed with good looks, but now she is a heroine. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad's new bridge across the Susquehanna river is, next to the Brooklyn Bridge, the highest and largest in the United States. The central span over the channel of the river is 140 feet high, and permits of the passage of large vessels under it. There is no footpath over it only the railroad ties, but they are close enough together to prevent the walker from becoming giddy or losing balance. Few persons have attempted to cross the bridge, as it is one mile and an eighth long, and there is constant danger of encountering a railroad train on the single track.

A few days ago Annie Langstrum and several of her girl companions were picnicking near the Cecil county end of the bridge. Their beaux were with them, and one of the lads started to walk out on the bridge. His companions called to him to take care, but he did not go far. His companions twitted him on being afraid, but he declared that he had no desire to try and throw a locomotive off the track.

Annie Langstrum was the only one who declared she was not afraid to cross the bridge. Her friends, however, did not believe that she really meant what she said. The subject was then dropped. About 7 o'clock in the evening, when the little party were preparing to start homeward, one of the boys started to chase Annie to kiss her. They ran toward the bridge, and then turned into the track across it.

Away she flew as fast as her nimble feet could carry her across the bridge. The young man ran after her, but she had a long lead. Just as he had crossed the first span the shrill shriek of a whistle was heard. The girl had then passed the centre span. She had lost her breath running so fast and was walking. Her companions, who anxiously watched her, were startled by the sound of the whistle. But she saw the impending danger as quick as they. The lad who had been chasing her shouted to her to come back. The train had started on the bridge. It was the evening express from Baltimore for New York. The engineer saw the girl on the track, and the brakes were put down. For an instant the slight figure paused before the iron monster approached.

All felt that she was dead when, to their astonishment, they beheld two of the trainmen, who had run back, stoop down, lean over the edge of the bridge, and then they saw Annie hanging by her hands to a slender iron rod which formed part of the span beneath the bridge. They saw the trainmen drag the girl over the edge of the bridge. She had fainted. She was carried back to her friends uninjured, but terribly weak.

STEVE O'DONNELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Steve O'Donnell, the well-known athlete and famous master of ceremonies for all sporting events, is also a very shrewd and energetic advance agent for dramatic and variety combinations. Steve is one of the most scientific collar-and-cloze wrestlers in the world, and has wrestled with all the celebrated

wrestlers in America. His last great match took place at the Monumental theatre, Baltimore, which lasted three nights, his antagonist being Gus Hill, the champion club swinger of the world, who is noted for his strength and endurance, and after a hard battle and terrific struggle O'Donnell won. The match was for the "Police Gazette" Champion Medal, presented by Richard K. Fox, and is valued at \$250.

THE WORLD BALLOON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we illustrate the scene of the World's balloon starting on its lofty but brief career at St. Louis, Mo.

The astonishing success of the World has been to very great degree advanced by the skill, fidelity and good generalship of Col. John A. Cockerill who is beyond question, about the ablest journalist on American soil. He is entitled to his military designation having won his spurs as one of the very young soldiers of the late war. Born of an excellent family, his name was a household word in Cincinnati journalism when he was barely out of his teens. After a prolonged European tour he became editor of the Baltimore Gazette and left it, when compelled to do so by ill-health, one of the leading papers of America. He galvanized the Post-Dispatch of St. Louis into marvellous vitality, and then came to New York to do the same service for the World. Handsome in person with the eye of an eagle and the heart of a lion, Col. Cockerill owns the affections of every newspaper man with whom he comes in contact by his exceptional affability, thoughtfulness and square dealing.

QUICK WORK.

A correspondent writes from Chicago, June 18: Aladdin's wonderful palace has been outdone right here in Chicago. The late corner in wheat is responsible for the miracle and its hero is an elevator man. When this history of the matter reaches the eye of Joe W. Shire et al., of Cincinnati, they will register their final vow never again to attempt to corner the Chicago wheat market on the basis of its regular storage capacity. Beside the tracks of the St. Paul road there stands today and stood yesterday, complete in every detail, an elevator of 400,000 bushels capacity, where the first day of June there was only a hole in the ground. It was built from foundation to roof-tree in fourteen working days, and yesterday—the sixteenth day from the commencement of the foundation—10,000 bushels of wheat were placed in one of its bins.

VERDICT IN THE CASE OF MRS. PENSEYRES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Buffalo, June 18, says: The jury in the case of Mrs. Penseyres, on trial for the murder of her husband, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree this evening. The prisoner was overcome with grief and wept bitterly. Sentence will be pronounced on Saturday. An effort will be made to have the verdict set aside.

DIDN'T LIKE HIS CRITICISM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Ethel Lynton, of the Grand Opera Company, slapped the face of a Pennsylvania editor last week, who said her "Grand Duchesse" was too delectable for that climate. The idea of a Pennsylvanian setting himself up as a judge of what is proper for the nobility to wear! No wonder he got slapped.

S. MULLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

S. Muller, the Swiss Demon, stands 6 feet in height and weighs 210 pounds. He has defeated all comers in Europe, and is now coming to this country to wrestle all challengers. He can lift 1,200 pounds with his hands and a 600-pound stone with his little finger. He is said to be the strongest man in the world.

NINETY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The Haul Made by Lucky San Franciscans—A Ladies' Pool.

Ever since the result of the May drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans became known in this city rumors have been current all over town that the bulk of the capital prize of \$150,000 had been won here by a number of lucky resident shareholders in the winning number, 15,708.

To ascertain if there was any truth in the tale a Call reporter went on a prospecting tour yesterday among the banking houses, thinking some of them might have managed the collection of any prizes drawn at New Orleans. His inquiries met with signal success. Henry Wadsworth, cashier of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s bank here, made the following statement to the Call's representative. He said: "Yes, it is a fact that we have done the collecting of a large sum of money drawn in The Louisiana Lottery on May 10th last. We have so far collected and paid over to patrons here \$80,000 out of the big prize of \$150,000. The tickets which we handled were six one-tenth coupons, and each represented an interest of \$15,000 in that big sum."

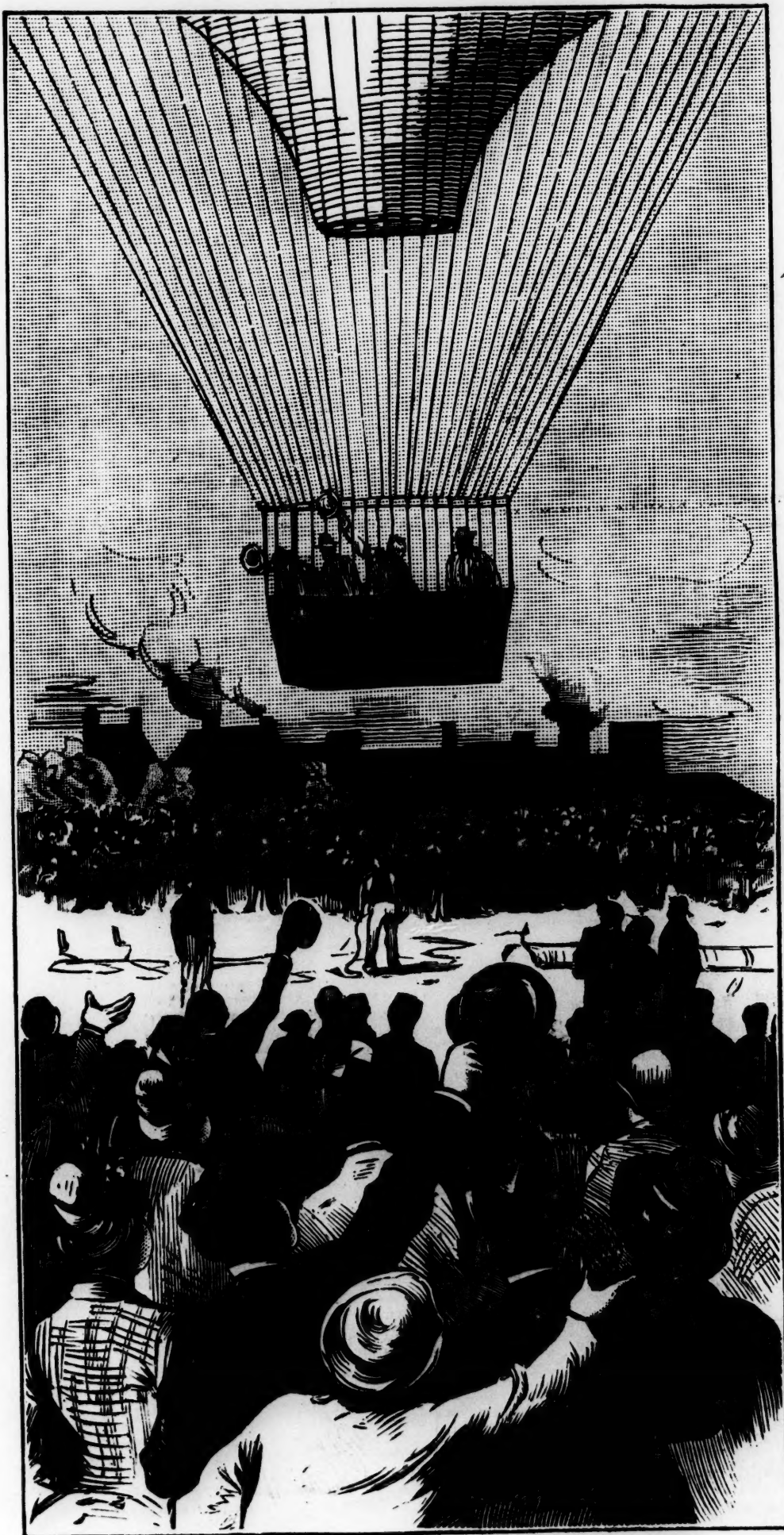
The matter of locating the lucky winners was more difficult. After following a large number of clues, the reporter succeeded in discovering not one alone of fortune's favorites but twenty of them. They were all ladies. In a cosy room of the Colonnade house, 1229 Market street, was found Mrs. Kelly, one of the winners. The lady told the story of how she had made the venture as follows: "For a long time I was as much interested in the lottery drawing as if I had the lucky numbers, but somehow or other I never could get up courage enough to invest in the scheme. I was afraid that I was too unlucky to get anything. But a little while back I gave a party to my friends—there were about twenty-five of us, all ladies—and during the evening the question of lottery tickets came up. More out of fun than anything else, we proposed to get up a pool and buy some tickets. We were not all willing to join, but after some talk we made up a pool of \$20 and bought twenty one-tenth coupons. This was in March, just before the drawing. When the list came out, we found our tickets had won only \$10. This was better than nothing, and we again made up another pool of \$20. Well, the April drawing won us \$20. We put it all in again, and in May we got the tenth of \$150,000. That gives us \$750 apiece, which, I think, is a big return for our investment. You ought to see those of the ladies who were at the party and who laughed at us for buying lottery tickets. They are just as mad as mad can be. We are going to keep on and try our luck again in June, as we now are sure that there are prizes to be won."

Mrs. Kelly declined to give any of the names of her fortunate friends who were in the pool, on the ground that they did not desire any mention of themselves.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call*, June 1.



MURDERED BY A BRUTE.

MARTHA THOMAS, A WOMAN SIXTY YEARS OF AGE, IS KILLED BY PETER BETTERS, A WORTHLESS DRUNKARD, AT XENIA, OHIO.



THE "WORLD" BALLOON.

HOW THE GREAT GAS-INFLATED MONSTER BEGAN ITS LOFTY JOURNEY INTO THE CLOUDS AT ST. LOUIS, MO.



JOSEPH PULITZER,

THE BRILLIANT JOURNALIST WHO OWNS AND EDITS THE NEW YORK "WORLD."



HE WAS BOUND TO KILL HIS WIFE.

JAMES B. MOLCOW, AN INSANE RUNAWAY FROM A LUNATIC ASYLUM, ATTEMPTS MURDER IN VARIOUS WAYS NEAR GOWER, MO.



HE GOT SQUARE.

MIKE CALLAHAN, IN REVENGE FOR BEING KICKED OUT OF A PARTY, CAPSIZES A FRAME HOUSE IN CHICAGO, ILL.



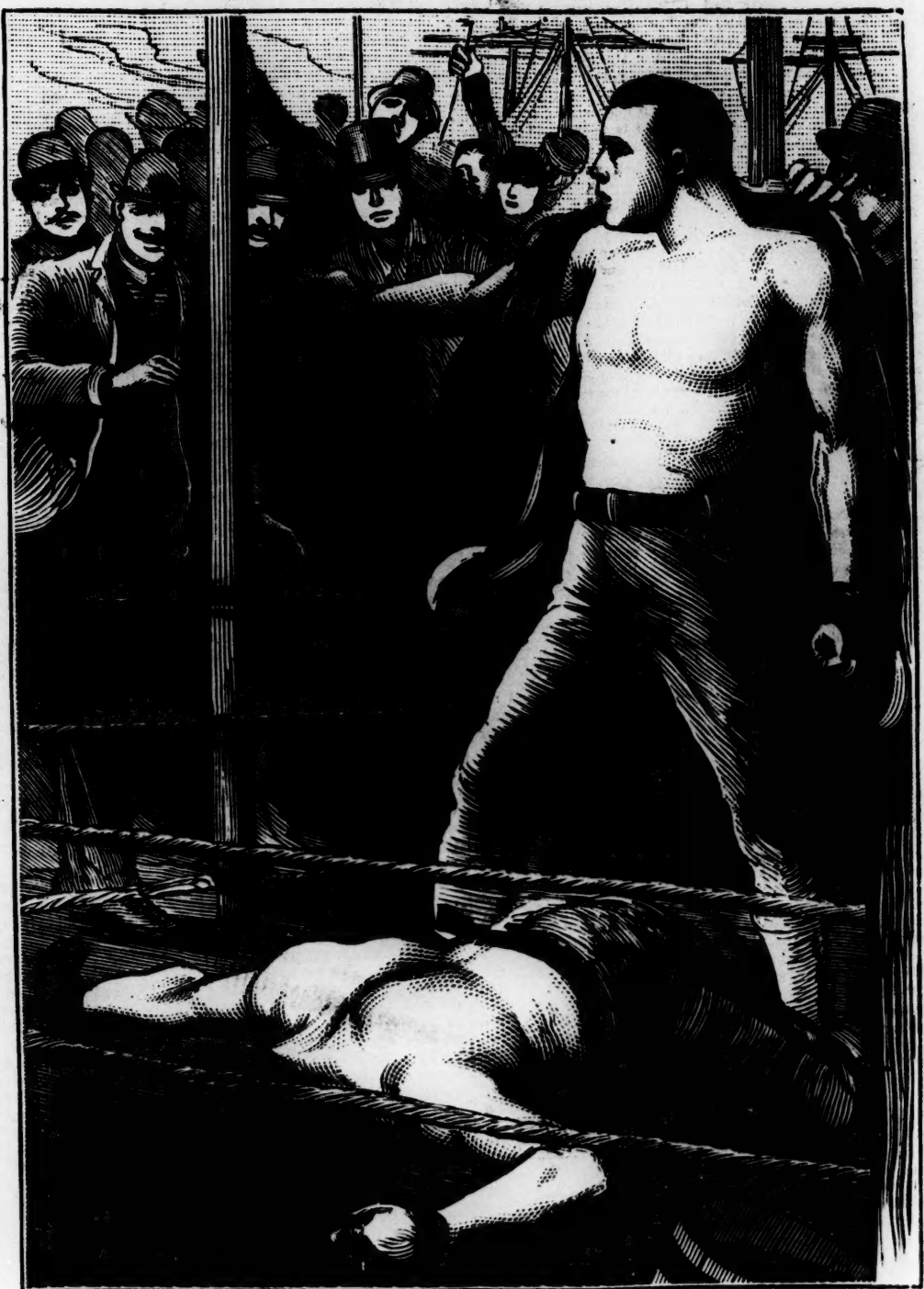
HE CHOOSES THE STYLE.

EX-POSTMASTER P. G. SNEDEKER OF ASBURY PARK, N. J., IS APPOINTED TO DECIDE WHAT KIND OF BATHING DRESS THE LADIES SHALL WEAR.



— MURDER —

MRS. FINNEY, TRIED FOR KILLING HER HUSBAND AT BUFFALO, N. Y., IS CONVICTED OF MURDER IN THE SECOND DEGREE AND FAINTS.



"BRING ON McAULIFFE!"

JEM CARNEY, AFTER KNOCKING JIMMY MITCHELL OUT, DEMANDS A CHANCE AT THE AMERICAN LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

John L. Sullivan is going to box four rounds with Steve Taylor at the Hartford baseball grounds on July 4. Sullivan will also pitch in the game between the Waterbury and Hartford baseball clubs. Sullivan will attract a large crowd, as it is the national holiday, and Hartford is quite a sporting town.

We had an idea that Jack McAuliffe would have a chance against Jimmy Carney, Patsy Sheppard's protegee, but after the first round, McAuliffe would only be a little harder nut to crack than Mitchell was, and if Carney's friends think so much about him as they claim, possibly they will lay \$1,000 to \$200.

Ned Hanlan is going to Australia with Jack Burke. Burke writes that he is not going there for money, because he has all he needs. He is going for the fun of it, and while there will figure in one or two fights, simply because he likes fighting. He will open negotiations with Miller, Foley and Slava, whom he considers the best men in the Antipodes.

The "Merry World," of Wilkesbarre, has arranged a grand sparring tournament, which is to take place at Northampton street Armory, Wilkesbarre, on Saturday, June 25. There will be twelve interesting set-fights. Harry Umlah and James Dillon will contend for \$100 a side, and Prof. Wm. McClellan and Mike Beatty will also contend for \$50 a side.

A slashing mill was decided at San Miguel, Cal., on June 8, between Spanish Tom and Sheeny Sam, with skin gloves. The fight lasted 1 hour. In the eighth round Sam was knocked out by a right-hander which caught him under the ear. It was one of the best battles that ever occurred in San Luis Obispo Co. About fifty sports, at \$2.50 per head, attended the mill.

At Richmond, Va., on June 8, Bob Gordon, aged fifteen, weighing 104 pounds, knocked out "Buck" Winton, of Louisville, Ky., in a saloon. Winton is twenty-two years of age, weighs 125 pounds, and is thought to be one of the best light-weights in Kentucky. Gordon is a Richmond boy and a wonder. Sporting men of that city expect great things of him.

At Belvidere, Boone Co., Ill., recently, F. C. Hill and Clement Born fought for a purse and the championship of Boone County, according to "Police Gazette" rules. The battle was a desperate one, and in the third round Clement ended the fight with a square knock out blow on the chin. Hill lay in an insensible condition for 30 seconds. Hill was badly bruised up and both of his eyes closed for repairs.

Regarding the Carney-Mitchell battle, the "Daily News," June 19, says: "The defeat of Jimmy Mitchell by Jimmy Carney sustained what we have from time to time said of Carney's ability as a boxer. Form is what decides the best race horse, and it should decide the line on the boxers. Carney had figured in three of the greatest battles ever fought—his draw with Punch Callow, his great victory over Jimmy Highland, who died from the effects of the beating he received, and his great battle with Harry Jacobs, all fought in England. If form is taken into consideration, he outclasses Mitchell, whose only great battle was with Paddy Smith for the Richard K. Fox diamond belt. Looking at the reputation of both men and their performances, it was Carney who had the best chance."

The glove contest between Pat Killen, Our Pet, of St. Paul, and Patsy Cardiff, who made such a great effort to conquer Sullivan, is to be a 10-minute round, and is to take place in the Washington rink, Minneapolis, Aug. 6. There is no money staked on the result, the men simply fighting for the gate. It will be divided 75 and 25 per cent.; that is, provided the referee's decision, which is very doubtful, is in favor of either of the two men. To the knowing ones the making of this match was not a surprise. It had practically been agreed upon some time ago. While it will unquestionably attract a very large crowd, still the fight will not be on the square. Both men are out for money, and they will both get it. The result will be a draw, it being a guinea to a gooseberry that this was decided upon before the articles were signed. If these two claimants for the title of Northwestern champion are really desirous of determining who is the better man, the best thing they can do is to meet in a finish fight. No hall fight between them will ever satisfy the public.

The following letter from the backers of Pat Killen explains itself.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:
DEAR SIR—We take pleasure in sending you a photo of Pat Killen, champion of the Northwest, who is now matched to fight Patsy Cardiff on Aug. 6. The contest will undoubtedly prove the greatest that has ever taken place in the Northwest. Killen has taken good care of himself, and we expect great things from him. If he wins his fight with Cardiff we shall match him against the world, bar nobody. We note what the Referee in the POLICE GAZETTE says regarding Killen and Killen, and will abide by same. If Killen can whip Killen he can have \$5,000 of Minneapolis money. A purse of that amount has been subscribed by his friends, and if he defeats Cardiff we shall challenge Killen. Killen is now located here. Enclosed find his card. Herewith we also send you his record. Yours respectfully,
BRESLAUER & WALLACE.

Prof. Billy Clark, well known in this city, who now keeps the Natatorium Swimming School at St. Louis, recently asked Mr. Fox to present St. Louis a champion swimming medal to be competed for. The trophy was made and forwarded to the Sporting News at St. Louis, and on June 13 the following letter was received:

St. Louis, June 13, 1887.
To Richard K. Fox:
DEAR SIR—Through the kindness of our mutual friend, Mr. Al Spink, the "Police Gazette" champion medal has arrived at the Natatorium. It will be on exhibition at the Mermod Jaecra Jewelry Co. for a week and will be noticed in all the papers of the city. Everybody pronounces it a perfect beauty, and are never tired of admiring it. Your favor of 5th inst. is also to hand. I will boom it through all the papers. Thanking you heartily for your kindness I am, your friend
BILL CLARK.
Per R.

P. S. The trophy is one that the patrons of sport in St. Louis thank you for.

The static encounter between Jimmy Carney and Jimmy Mitchell was fought near this city on June 17. Only a select number of spectators were present. Carney is thirty years old, stands 5 feet 4½ inches tall, and scaled inside the light-weight limit, 133 pounds. Mitchell is 25 years old, 5 feet 6½ inches tall, and when they weighed in pulled down the beam at 131½ pounds. Frank Stevenson was selected referee, it having been proved beyond all cavil and dispute that he is the fairest and most determined man to fill that position, and his decisions are always fair. He was selected by Richard K. Fox to referee the battle between Jack Dempsey and Billy Dacy, also the battle between Mike Cushing and Jack Hopper, and Johnny Files and Johnny Reagan. The following are the rounds of the mill:

ROUND 1—Although cautious at first, the men got in a clinch after Mitchell had fallen short twice. The spectators held their breath as the desperate short range work of the men was seen. They punched each other terribly in ribs and face, Carney showing his wonderful mastery of the game. The blows of Mitchell made the most noise, but Carney didn't seem to mind them in the least. He banged Jimmy in the nose and mouth with his left hand, bringing blood, and raised lumps on his ribs and the side of his head with his fearful right.

Mitchell's showy upper-cutting gained him much applause as soon as they got to in-fighting in the second round. They fought to the ropes, and during a second's lull in the hitting the referee tore them apart and walked between them.

"I wouldn't go between those fellows for a block on Broadway," said a Racket Club man.

The hitting was terrific. Mitchell got in heavily on the side of Carney's head, but the Englishman let his head move with the blow, and countered with force.

Carney fell short once for the body and got away from

Mitchell's return at the head. Two heavy body exchanges and then a desperate rally in the centre got them to a clinch, and some more of the hardest in-fighting. Mitchell made a great straight counter, and caught Carney a hot one on the throat. Carney returned on the same spot a moment later, and cleverly ducked a wicked stinger that was sent back.

4—Mitchell swung in a terrific left-hander, which grazed the side of Carney's head. The men got to in-fighting in the centre and fought twice across the ring punishing each other's sides and heads in a terrible manner before a chance came for the referee to break them. Carney took a lot of sounding blows on the side of his head without seeming to mind them. He was fighting the longer armed Mitchell close so as to land on him with full force, and much of the time it was Mitchell's wrist and forearm and not fist that caught him.

5—Both smiled confidently, but Mitchell must have felt the terrible thumps Carney had been planting on the back of his neck, for he was desperate and forced the pace. Carney ducked his left, like lightning, and in a second they were into another rally and then did terrific in-fighting. Mitchell seemed more confident.

6—Mitchell had to do the running around. Carney wanted to rest a bit, and edging Mitchell into a corner would give him a feat that would give the Englishman a moment's rest, as the American broke ground to get out of his dangerous position. Toward the finish Carney went in with a will and forced Mitchell to the ropes in his (Carney's) corner. Mitchell slipped down.

7—This was a round of terrible fighting. Carney forged ahead in the race and twice fought Mitchell to the ropes. Carney cut in as soon as they got to the centre and landed on Mitchell's face. One blow from Carney's right was a little short. It glanced up on Mitchell's nose and left eye, nearly closing the latter. Mitchell got horribly punched around the ribs and the back of the neck, when they clinched.

8, 9 AND 10—There was terrible fighting. Carney laughed once and said, "Just a bit too late, Jimmy," as he escaped a terrible swinging cross counter that skipped past his jaw with force enough to have knocked a car off a track.

Mitchell was knocked down in the tenth round and the busy Carney redoubled his efforts as the game Philadelphia fell away weak. Mitchell made a desperate rally and fought Carney back across the enclosure to his own corner. For a moment Mitchell's friends prepared to cheer him as one of his swinging rights landed on the side of the Birmingham man's head.

11 AND LAST—Carney knew he had his game now. He knocked Mitchell down at Chamber's feet in the latter's corner with a terrible right-hander as they were in-fighting. Mitchell struggled game to his feet at Chamber's appeal. He fell down twice doing so. Carney sent him down again as soon as the referee let him out of his own corner, where he was forced to retire while Mitchell got up. Another smash and Mitchell fell on his face unable to continue, and Carney was declared the winner.

If Jem Smith's backers are as earnest as they claim to be in their efforts to match Smith to meet any man in the world, according to the London prize ring rules, for \$2,000 a side and the championship, they will have every opportunity of arranging an important athletic engagement which, owing to its international aspect, will create a furore, not only on both sides of the broad Atlantic, but in both hemispheres. Jake Kilrain, the American champion, having vainly tried to bring about an engagement with John L. Sullivan, the late champion, without success, and although \$1,000 was posted and a challenge issued for Kilrain to meet all comers, no reply was made, neither was the champion's forfeit covered; so that he has decided to meet England's champion in the roped ring for the premier position in pugilism, the championship, and as large a sum as Smith's (the English champion) backers desire to put up. Advice from England state that Smith's backers are ready to match him to fight any man breathing, according to the orthodox rules, in a 24-foot ring, for from £100 to £500 a side and the championship of the world, and to prove whether they are in earnest, to-day one thousand (\$1,000) dollars was posted at the New York Clipper office, and the following challenge forwarded to the Sporting Life, London, Eng., for the English champion to accept or refuse to do so:

The Champion of America's Greeting to the Champion of England:
NEW YORK, June, 1887.

Editor Sporting Life, Strand, London, England:

In order to gratify the admirers of athletic sports who desire to witness fair and manly struggles for the supremacy between men aspiring to the title of champion of the prize ring, and in reply to the recent bold defiance by James Smith, the champion pugilist of the English prize ring, to meet any man in the world face to face, within the orthodox 24-foot prize ring for the championship of the world and \$5,000, I make the following fair proposition. I will meet Jem Smith according to the new rules of the London prize ring for the sum of \$2,500 or \$5,000 a side, the championship of the world, and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, with small gloves, or, if his backers object, without them. The contest to be decided six months from signing articles of agreement. In regard to the battle ground I prefer United States soil, and will allow Smith the sum of \$500 for expenses. If Smith is satisfied with this agreement which is forwarded by my backer, Mr. Richard K. Fox, of New York, it can be signed and returned for my signature. To prove I am in earnest, Mr. Fox has deposited \$1,000 (\$200) forfeit with the New York Clipper in this city. John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought in April, 1880, on English soil, and did not succeed in bringing the battle to a termination. Therefore, I think I am justified in selecting either the United States, Ireland, Spain or France for the battle ground. I am ready to defend the "Police Gazette" diamond belt against all comers, and all I ask is no favors but a fair field, and may the best man win. Trusting the match will be promptly and satisfactorily arranged, I remain,
JAKE KILRAIN,
Champion of America.

The following articles have been forwarded to Smith, who will sign them and return them to Kilrain's signature: Articles of agreement entered into this day of —, 1887, between Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, Md., U. S. A., and James Smith, of London, England:

The said Jake Kilrain and the said James Smith hereby agree to fight a fair stand up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, by which said Jake Kilrain and said James Smith hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of \$2,500—\$2,500 a side—and shall take place six months from the date of signing these papers, on the day of —, 1887, within one hundred miles of Dublin, Ireland; Paris, France; or Madrid, Spain, or within 1,000 miles of New York city, U. S. A.; the man winning the toss to give the opposite party ten days' notice of the place. The said Jake Kilrain and James Smith to be catch weights.

The men shall be in the ring between the hours of — and —, or the man absent shall forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne by the two contestants equally.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of £100 (\$500) a side is now deposited in the hands of the New York Clipper. The remaining deposits shall be made as follows: The second of £200 (\$1,000) a side on the day of September, 1887, at the office of the New York Clipper; the third of £200 (\$1,000) at the office of the stakeholder, New York, and the fourth of £200 (\$1,000) at the place at the time of putting up the deposit.

It is further agreed that the said Jake Kilrain shall receive \$500 (£100) for his expenses in the event of the battle taking place in Ireland or elsewhere on the other side, and vice versa, the said James Smith shall receive \$500 (£100) for his expenses in the event of the battle being fought in the United States, the expense money that may be due Jake Kilrain to be forwarded to the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, and should it be due James Smith to be forwarded to the editor of the New York Clipper. The deposits must be put up not later than — o'clock on the days aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. The referee to be chosen on the ground.

In case of magisterial interference, the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereto attach our names.

Witness:

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

Andy Kelly, who styles himself the Cannon Ball King, has challenged Prof. Blatt, the "Police Gazette" champion, to catch cannon balls fired from a howitzer.

Gus Hill, champion club-swinger of the world, has an unknown pugilist who he will match against any 120-pound man in America for \$2,000 a side. Man and money to be found at POLICE GAZETTE office.

James Pilkington announces rowing contests at Oak Point Pleasure Grounds on June 25, July 2, 4 and 16; August 6, 13, 20 and 27. The events are open to amateurs who are members of regularly organized rowing clubs. Valuable prizes will be awarded to winners.

At a meeting of the crews of the Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania last evening it was agreed that there would be a race for the Childs cup between four-oared crews on Saturday, July 9, Pennsylvania to pay a portion of the expense the Cornell will incur in returning to this city.

They say barking dogs never bite, but those who played Quito to win in the Suburban were badly bitten. Prior to the race it was nothing but Richmond and Quito. We liked Richmond and Ben All, and were certain one or the other would win and when we witnessed \$10,000 go on Ben All and the horse backed from 12 to 1 to 4 to 1 we supposed he would win. He never had a chance to try, for although McLaughlin had the mount, and he is seldom let at the start, he was caught napping and the flag was dropped before Ben All was straightened. Judging by the money wagged all winter, the bookmakers got about \$2,500,000.

The wrestling match between Matsada Sorakichi (the Jap) and John Doyle, the champion wrestler of the Baltimore police force, attracted a large crowd to the Monumental theatre, Baltimore, recently. The men were to wrestle one bout Greco-Roman, in jackets, a new idea of wrestling proposed by the police champion, one bout without jackets in the regular way, and the final bout was to be either Greco-Roman, with or without jackets, as decided by toss. There was considerable difficulty in selecting a referee. Finally the men agreed upon Wm. Muldoon, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler. Muldoon announced to the audience that he did not want the position, but if the audience were satisfied he would act. Loud cheers greeted Muldoon, and he was universally selected. Doyle had provided two large jackets, and he gave one to the Jap that more resembled a morning gown than a wrestling jacket. All being ready, the bout began; and it was the funniest wrestling ever witnessed. There was no Greco-Roman, but it was a combination of side hold and collar-and-elbow. Doyle tried to trip the Jap, while the latter continually tugged at Doyle's jacket. Finally, after a desperate struggle, Doyle got an inside grange-vine twist on the Jap, and both came to the floor. In the struggle the Jap's jacket was torn, and Doyle refused to go on with the match unless another jacket was furnished. Muldoon refused to allow any change in jackets and Doyle refused to finish the bout and Muldoon declared the Jap winner of the first bout.

Doyle then refused to continue the match and Muldoon explained the rules, and amid cheers and hisses Doyle left the stage. The Jap then offered to bet Doyle \$100 there and then that he could throw him three times in one hour catch-as-catch-can, but Doyle refused to either continue the match or wrestle again, and Muldoon declared the Jap the winner.

Lawrence M. Donovan, the "Police Gazette" aerial champion, who has been creating such a furore by jumping from bridges in England, sends the following to this office:
LONDON, Eng., June 1, 1887.

Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR—I arrived in London, Eng., to-day. If I make any jumps in England I will notify you. I am a guest of the East London Athletic Club, 10 Philpot street, Commercial Road, East London, of which James Galger, a well-known pugilist, is president. Yours respectfully,
LAWRENCE M. DONOVAN.

"Police Gazette" Champion Aerial Jumper of the World.
Address 10 Philpot street, Commercial Road, East London, England.

Donovan was the first man who made a direct jump from the Brooklyn Bridge, jumping from a point 27 feet higher than others dropped from. He is the only man living who jumped from the Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge, a distance of 200 feet. Donovan is a man of considerable standing among the working-men of New York before he went into the jumping business; he is a pressman by trade, and was president of Pressman's Union No. 9 of New York until recently; he is also a member of New York Typographical Union No. 6, and is a lieutenant in the New York Volunteer Life Saving Corps, and has rescued five persons from drowning. The following are a few of his many fearless feats:

Aug. 24, 1886—Jumped from High Bridge, 105 feet.

Aug. 28, 1886—Jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, 140 feet.

Oct. 23, 1886—Attempted to jump from the Genesee Falls, Rochester, where Sam Patch lost his life, but was prevented by the police authorities.

Nov. 7, 1886—Jumped from the Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge, a distance of 200 feet.

Nov. 17—Conceived the daring idea of going through the Niagara Falls Rapids in a barrel, accompanied by a lady, but could find no lady who had the nerve, and returned to New York city in disgust.

July 1, 1886—Saved from probable death the wives of two Senators in Washington, D. C., by stopping a runaway team at great risk to himself.

Feb. 18, 1887—Jumped from the Chestnut Street Bridge, Philadelphia, Pa., a distance of 88 feet.

The Manhattan Athletic Club games in this city on June 15 resulted as follows: The first event was the 20-yards run—a handicap. Ten athletes ran in the trial heats and a final.

The first trial heat was won by H. L. Mitchell from the 12 yard mark, and the second heat by F. Westing, 5 yards, with W. C. Adams, 4 yards, second. The final heat was a good race, and Mitchell won amid applause. Time, 24 seconds. Adams was second by 3 yards.

Two-Mile Run (handicap)—T. E. Regan on the 20-yards mark was the practical scratch man, and he conceded from 40 to 165 yards to each of his four competitors. F. Butler's 83 yards start made a good struggle, but he couldn't hold the pace longer than half way through the last lap. Regan captured the trophy and a shower of hand-claps in 10 minutes 32 seconds.

Eight-Hundred-and-Eighty-Yards Run (handicap)—For Mr. Storm's \$50 medal, to be won three times to become the winner's personal property, there were three starters, including R. J. Montgomery, who has twice won the medal, and who was on the 42-yard mark; A. Fleischman, 40 yards start, and A. Peverelly, 30 yards. The race fell to Fleischman in 3 minutes 4 seconds.

Throwing the 16-pound Hammer—Mr. F. L. Lambrecht made an attempt to break Coudon's record of 105 feet 6½ inches for a special record, but could not do it. Lambrecht's best throws were 101 feet 1½ inches, 102 feet 1 inch and 103 feet 6½ inches.

Running Broad Jump (handicap)—For Mr. Charlton's prize trophy; six competitors. Won by G. A. White, 3 feet start, with an actual leap of 18 feet 1 inch. Scratchman Copeland was second with a leap of 30 feet 5½ inches.

Six-Hundred Yards Run (handicap)—Won by A. C. Ashley, 42 yards, after a beautiful race from a big field of starters in 1 minute 15 seconds. W. B. Pryor, also a 42-yard man, was second by less than a yard.

Three-Mile Walk (handicap)—For the \$50 Tenny and Sanford medal; four competitors. F. A. Ware was scratchman, but thought the day was "too hot," and gave in at the end of two miles. Sam A. Cramer, 25 seconds start, won without having to finish.

At the Adelphi theatre, Buffalo, Kilrain, the champion of America, in conjunction with Charles Mitchell, champion of England, had a sparring match. The house, notwithstanding the heated atmosphere inside, was well filled with sporting men to welcome so distinguished a duel of sluggers. They did

not come to Buffalo to fight—simply to spar for the edification of the devotees of the main art of self-defense. Among the "bad games" on the stage was Billy McLean, the baseball umpire. He has in his day, as the bent of his nose indicates, met nearly every one of the old-timers, including the once celebrated, but now defunct, Joe Goss. Several of the city officials occupied places of honor in the boxes. Owing to the presence of several women the pugilists did not strip to the waist, but wore gauze shirts. Mitchell wore white trunks, and Kilrain black ones. Kilrain weighs 200 pounds, stands 5 feet 10 inches tall, is twenty-eight years old, and has dark hair and a mustache of the same color. He would hardly be recognized on the street as a pugilist, and indeed he has not been for more than five years, about the date of Mitchell's coming over from England. Mitchell weighs 180 pounds, stands 5 feet 8½ inches tall, and is but a quarter of a century of age. He is a fine-looking young fellow, and is gentlemanly in his talk and habits. The men, upon their appearance, were greeted with hearty applause by the tremendous crowd. They wore six-ounce gloves, with the weight of which nobody—unless, possibly, the Mayor of Rochester—could find fault. Billy Madden acted as referee and time-keeper. When he gave the word the men went at it for business, not exchanging slaps upon the neck as Sullivan and his gay party of hippodromers did a few weeks ago. There were four rounds of three minutes each, of good square work, the honors being even. The men were considerably heated up by their exercise, and when they retired after the wind-up, amidst hearty applause, they were not sorry. Kilrain made a great impression, and even many of Sullivan's former friends publicly claimed that Kilrain was well worthy of being styled champion, and were of the opinion that in a battle to a finish he would still hold the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, even if Sullivan was his opponent.

The betting men's agony is over. The great Suburban race has been run, and the thousands who wagered their funds all winter and up to the time the race was run find themselves out of pocket. The race attracted nearly 25,000 spectators, and a tremendous amount of money was wagered on the race.

The Betting—2 to 1 Richmond, 3 to 1 place; 2 to 1 Quito, 5 to 1 place; 4 to 1 Rupert, 7 to 1 place; 3 to 1 Hidalgo, 2 to 1 place; 1 to 1 each Ben All, Grimaldi and Oriflamme, 3 to 1 each place; 12 to 1 Eurus, 5 to 1 place; 15 to 1 each Barnum, Ten Booker and Biscuit, 5 to 1 each place; 20 to 1 each Wickham and Housatonic, 12 to 1 each place; 25 to 1 each Orlando, Greenfield, Pontico and Linden, 15 to 1 each place; 30 to 1 each Rataplan and Bonnie Prince, 12 to 1 each place; 40 to 1 Pasha, 15 to 1 place.

The plunging on the Suburban was terrific. The sixty book-makers in the betting ring could not take in the money fast enough to satisfy the crowds. At least half a million must have been passed in there. At the auction stand about twenty pools were sold averaging about \$1,000 each; in the mutuels 3,467 tickets were sold. Richmond was a tremendous favorite. Most of the heavy betters plunged on him, and his trainer said before the race that he did not see how his horse could lose. Congressman Scott's Quito, however, carried so much money that toward the end he crowded Richmond very close in the betting. Then the Haggins are said to have put \$50,000 on their horse, Rupert was heavily supported and Oriflamme had a host of followers. But alas! the great race resulted in a melancholy fiasco. First of all Quito and Ben All were left at the post, and a howl went up when the fact was noticed. Eurus was never reached from the start and all Davis had to do was sit still and let the horse race along. The stable had no expectation of winning the race, for not only did Mr. Cassatt let Eurus run unbacked, but it was understood that he supported Richmond and Quito at \$50 each. As Mr. Cassatt's share of the stake amounted to \$4,165, he will not miss the hundred thrown away on Richmond and Quito, for the money was thrown away. Billy Donohue, who had the mount on Richmond, instead of riding a waiting race and coming with a rush at the end—a style in which the horse has won all his races, and which made his second for the race last year such a feature—was ridden from the start for all he was capable of doing, and at the beginning of the last quarter he was a beaten horse. As to Quito and Ben All, they were left at the post. Both were carrying an enormous sum of money, for the backing of Quito in the ring was almost a craze. The crowd fought and struggled to get their money on him, and they accepted 3 to 1 for their money, as if the race was a mere gallop for him. Quito had shown that he is good in the mud. But his being left with Ben All was an accident that nobody expected. In Ben All's case there was some excuse. The horse is always slow at the post. But it is said that neither horses were fairly straight when the flag was dropped, both being in the act of turning round, and before either McLaughlin on Ben All or Garrison on Quito fairly realized the situation they were fifty yards behind all the others, who were running at a racing pace. It is said that each looked at the other in tearful sympathy and sorrow.

The Suburban takes its title from "The City and Suburban," one of the most notable of the English fixtures. It was first run in 1884, when it had twenty starters. The contest was one of the prettiest ever seen in this vicinity, and ended by Gen. Monroe winning by a neck over War Eagle, who was only a head in advance of Jack of Hearts. The time was 2:11½. Billy Donohue piloted the winner, who was six years old and carried 124 pounds. War Eagle only carried 102 pounds and had Snapper Garrison up. Hayward had the mount on Jack of Hearts, who was six years old and was weighed with 114 pounds. In 1885 fifteen horses started for it. Monogram was the favorite in the betting, but he never had a chance from start to finish. It was won by Pontiac, four years old, carrying 102 pounds. The victor was ridden by Olney. Richmond, who ran in this Suburban, was ridden by Billy Donohue and got second place, while Rataplan, another of this year's starters, ridden by Fitzpatrick, was third. Gen. Monroe, who won the race before, was again a starter, but had no show. The time was 2:06½. Last year Troubadour, who had 115 pounds, with Fitzpatrick up, took the lead at the drop of the flag and was never headed. Richmond was second, carrying 110 pounds; Savanac, 100 pounds, third; and Himalaya, 112 pounds, fourth. The three were but a head each apart. The course was heavy, the time being 2:12½. This year the event was regarded with unusual interest from the fact that The Bard, Hanover, Tremont and Guenn were among the entries, and until the last week were looked on as probable starters. Then again the weather upset the calculations of a good many, the rain having made the track a quagmire. They are now certain but that for the rain they would have had no difficulty whatever in picking the winner.

SUMMARY.

Fourth renewal of the Suburban Handicap, a sweepstakes for all ages, at \$100 each, half forfeit, \$25 only if declared by Feb. 20, with \$5,000 added, the second to receive \$500 of the added money and 20 per cent. of the stake, the third to receive 10 per cent. of the stakes; winners after the publication of the weights on Feb. 1 of two races of any value or one of \$1,000 to carry 4 pounds extra; of two of \$1,000 or of one of \$2,000, 7 pounds; of three of \$1,000 or of two of \$2,000, to carry 10 pounds extra; 100 subscribers, of which 21 declared; mile and a quarter.

A. J. Cassatt's b c Eurus, 4, by Eolus, dam Majestic, 102 (Davis) 1
Fairfax Stable's g c Oriflamme, 3, 104..... (McCarthy) 2
P. H. Grail's h c Wickham, 5, 114..... (Shauer) 3
D. T. Pulsifer's b c Grimaldi, 4, 108..... (Godfrey) 4
Roth & Co's b c Richmond, 4, 112..... (W. Donohue) 5
Freemans Stable's b g Rupert, 4, 118..... (W. Hayward) 6
Emery & Co's b g Ten Booker, 5, 101..... (F. Littlefield) 7
J. B. Haggins's b k c Hidalgo, 5, 120..... (Fitzpatrick) 8
N. W. Kistner's c c Rataplan, 4, 118..... (Barbee) 9
L. C. Behman's b c Biscuit, 4, 99..... (Conklin) 10
W. P. Burch's b g Pasha, 4, 95..... (Palmer) 11
R. H. Spriggs's b c Bonnie Prince, 4, 101..... (Lewis) 12
Tremont Stable's b c Pontiac, 4, 105..... (Taylor) 13
Freemans Stable's b c Linden, 4, 108..... (Conklin) 14
H. Cohen's c h c Greenfield, 5, 100..... (Watson) 15
J. B. Haggins's b g Barnum, aged, 125..... (F. McLaughlin) 16
S. N. Street's b g c Orlando, 4, 95..... (McCarthy) 17
Fairfax Stable's b c Housatonic, 4, 106..... (Bender) 18
J. B. Haggins's b c Ben All, 4, 115..... (McLaughlin) 19
W. L. Scott's c c Quito, 4, 108..... (Garrison) 20
* Left at the Post.

Time—2:11.

The record for the Suburban now stands as follows:

OWNER, HORSE AND AGE. NO. OF STARTERS. WEIGHT. TIME.
1884..... E. J. McEmmel's Gen. Monroe, 6..... 29..... 1:54..... 2:11½
1885..... P. L. Lillard's Pontiac, 4..... 15..... 1:52..... 2:06½
1886..... S. S. Brown's Troubadour, 4..... 20..... 1:55..... 2:12½
1887..... A. J. Cassatt's Eurus, 4..... 20..... 1:52..... 2:12

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

I went to the Brooklyn Jockey Club races on June 13 especially to see Dwyer Bros. Hanover run for the Brooklyn Derby.

Prior to the race there was quite a sensation, which, only for Robert Pinkerton's presence of mind and hasty action, might have ended in a riot.

Ben Ali, the 1886 Derby winner, owned by J. B. Haggin, was in the third race, and he was a heavy favorite; why, I am at a loss to understand, as Dry Monopole, Eurus, Phil Lee and other cracks were in the race.

Hundreds of dollars were placed on Ben Ali, and in starting the horses he was left at the post, and those who backed him lost their money.

After the race a crowd, headed by an enthusiast, as called the judges to declare the bets off, and, falling, raised the old French watchword, "On to the club house."

There is not the least doubt that hundreds would have followed the leader of this foolish movement only for the timely and prudent action of Robert Pinkerton.

It is not the first time a horse was left at the post, and it was in my opinion just as much the fault of Hamilton, the jockey, as the starter. Again, who knows whether Ben Ali was out for the money or only for exercise.

No matter whether Ben Ali was left at the post by the carelessness of the jockey or by the impatience of the starter. There was no justification for any one trying to raise a panic and a riot.

My idea is, after a man has wagered his money on a race he is well aware that he must run all risks, and expect an accident to occur, for it is an uncertain mode of speculation, in which the public at all times and at all stages have the worst of the bargain, and if a man is not satisfied to trust to the chances of his favorite winning, and bargain for the uncertainties of the game, then he should not bet his money on horses, but follow some other line of business.

By the way, the easy canter in which Hanover won the Brooklyn Derby furnishes an idea that the Dwyers have another Luke Blackburn. I have seen Hindoo, Luke Blackburn, the Duke of Magenta and all the phenomena run, but I must say Hanover is the best, and if any horse ever beats him it will be Kingston.

He was allotted 107 pounds, which was 5 pounds over scale, he actually carried 111 pounds, or 4 pounds over. Thus he was conceding 15 pounds to Dry Monopole, 15 pounds to Oriflamme, 19 pounds to Buckstone, and won easily. It was emphatically the best three-year-old feat on record for this season of the year.

The way to value Hanover's Brookdale feat is by measuring it. We have done so, and it makes Hanover a great colt. Now, in the Brooklyn Handicap Blue Wing was unable to give Dry Monopole 6 pounds; Hidalgo failed to give Monopole 5 pounds. Here in the Brookdale Handicap, a furlong shorter, and hence admittedly the more favorable to Dry Monopole, Hanover concedes him 15 pounds and gives him fully a 7-pound beating, if we are able to judge. Hence, the deduction we must draw from this is that Hanover is about 13 pounds a better colt than Blue Wing, and about as much better than Hidalgo. This is the only known method of measuring the capacity of horses. Often it is fallacious, but if the races are truly run it approximates the truth.

Since, he has won the Belmont Stakes.

Hanover is a chestnut, with a narrow blaze, both fore and hind legs white. He has an exceedingly blood-like head and neck, a good back and shoulder. He has splendid length, and stands 15-3/4. He is inclined to be gross, and is of a naturally sluggish temperament, which at times requires the whip and spur. He cost \$1,350 at the Rummymede sale of 1885, and has never been beaten, he starting three times last season, winning the Hopeful, July and Sapling Stakes, while this season he has won the Carlton Stakes, Brookdale Handicap and Withers Stakes. His engagements are: The St. James Hotel Stakes, at Brooklyn; the Coney Island Derby, Coney Island Stakes, Emporium, Equality, Rapid, Splendour, Suburban, Swift and Tidal Stakes, at Coney Island; the Barnegat, Champion, Choice, Delaware Handicap, Eatontown, Freehold, Harvest Handicap, Lorrillard, Midsummer Handicap, Monmouth Handicap, Navesink Handicap, Newark, Ocean, Omnibus, Passaic, Raritan, Stevens and Stockton, at Monmouth Park; the September Stakes, at Coney Island Fall Meeting; Jerome Stakes, at Jerome Park Fall Meeting; Dixie and Breckenridge, at Baltimore.

I think there has been more complaint this spring of crooked running than we have ever heard before in all our life, and there is no question but what there are grounds for the complaints. We know it has been and ever will be the custom of some persons who lose to cry that the horses they backed were pulled. There are three or four parties undoubtedly who have been running in and out with their horses, and it is not possible for the judges to get at the facts.

When they have a horse fixed they generally put up a first-class jockey, who is above suspicion, and by this means throw dust in the eyes of the judges and the public. To find a remedy and catch the parties is a question of some moment and is very difficult to accomplish.

The best and only cure that suggests itself to us is not to receive entries from them. If the proprietor of a track would go at once to the parties whose horses were running in and out at a meeting, and inform them that he would not in the future receive any entry from them, and would prefer they should take their horses somewhere else, it would at least get rid of the stable, and would tend to make them run straight for the future. In most of the jobs set up, the parties do not let it appear at the track at which they are running, but do it at pool rooms in other places.

It will not do to let such persons destroy the turf and value in our racing associations by crooked running, and it is a matter that demands prompt and earnest efforts to squelch.

If a few of our leading jockey clubs would inform the parties to so much crooked work (and they are well known) that they would not receive any entries from them, it would do a deal of good in putting matters and getting rid of these sharks.

What club will be the first to lead off in the matter and show the public they intend to protect them and have pure sport?

I have received the following from the "Police Gazette" correspondent at San Francisco, which is so interesting that I publish it:

A well-known prospector who has just returned to this city from a trip to the border line of New Mexico, was out at Bay District track recently, watching the triters at work, and listening to the complaint of those who, from unsuccessful pool operations, were bemoaning the trickery and ruses of the turf, when he remarked that the skilled American sport was but a cold-blooded portion of the turf compared with the "poor, unenlightened Indian."

"Why," said the frontiersman, "when I was at Fort Fillgate two months ago there was a sutler there who had an Indian racing pony that was supposed to be invincible. The sutler had beaten everything for miles around with him, and was not slow to cry up his pony as the greatest thing that ever looked through a bridle. The Comanche Indians who wander

around the band under camped around him, and when a little marauder, Coyote Jack, came and after was louder than ever in gase happened to be hanging around the afternoon, trying to come in for supply of firewater, when he ran that being the euphonious name by now.

"You got good pony?" asked the Indian sport—"cheap fast?"

"Yes," replied the sutler, "can clean out any durned redskin cayouse for everything you've got in your camp, squaws and all."

"Humph!" meditated Coyote Jack, and then suddenly looking up—"You like race?"

"On these short preliminaries a match was arranged, the stake to be twenty ponies selected from the Indian drove, including the pony that was beaten, against liberal supplies of arms and whisky. Coyote Jack arranged that the match was to come off in a month's time, and as the tribe was making a move in the meanwhile and would only be back just in time for the race, he was to be allowed a stable at the fort and leave a pony there to have the same training facilities on the fort race track as the sutler's steed enjoyed. To this the sutler and his backer readily agreed, not being unmindful of the fact that a month's training in their camp, and under their eyes all the time, might be productive of certain advantages. So the Indians produced their pony, a very shapely and likely looking little animal under the charge of an Indian trainer and three stalwart Indian grooms, who together were installed in the stables near the fort, while the tribe moved off to return at the end of the month.

"The Indian moved not day or night out of sight of his charge, giving the pony gentle exercise every day, and sleeping in the stable at night. The sutler's party had calculated that the Indian champion would have been given some exercise bursts, at top speed, when they could set the watch on him and get a line. But in this they were disappointed, as the Indian trainer only gave his charge slow canter. This provoked the curiosity of the sutler's contingent so much that at last they decided they must find out something about the Indian pony by fair means or foul.

"Accordingly a trap was set for the trainer by leaving a bottle of over-proof rum in the stable, a temptation which the Indian withstood for several days, until one evening, when a watcher observed him with the bottle in his lips, and soon after it was announced with a laugh of triumph among the conspirators that the noble redskin was laid out dead drunk. They entered the stall and saddled up the pony, then took him out to the course, where the sutler's animal was waiting.

"The Indian pony was given the best of the weights and ridden to a standstill; the sutler's animal beat him by several lengths, hard held. The conspirators chuckled when they took the beaten cayouse back to the stable, and found the poor Indian so drunk that they were able to wash and curry-comb his charge without waking the trainer up. They walked out of the stable and thought of the accession of wealth to the fort when they had cleared out Coyote Jack's band of every stick, horse and blanket, and just as the stable door closed the drunken Indian opened his eyes and gave a low chuckle.

"The end of the month came and the tribe returned three or four days before the race. The betting market opened fast and furious. It had never been specifically settled what particular pony the Indians were to match against the sutler's fleet steed. It was taken for granted, of course, that the Indian flyer was to be the animal that had been so carefully groomed and cared for at the fort for weeks.

"The surprise of the sutler and his contingent can therefore be imagined when, the race being called, the Indians left their supposed flyer quietly tied to a post, and trotted out an entirely different animal, who had no sooner got the word to go than he flew to the front and finally finished about 100 yards in front of the sutler's nag. The sutler and his gang, however, were spared the humiliation of seeing the finish of the race, for before the horses got to the distance post the military crowd, saw how the game was going and retired, leaving the copper-colored sports to carry off the booty. That ended horse racing at Fillgate."

By advices from England I learn Miss Annie Oakley, of the Wild West show, is still creating a sensation in England by her wonderful shooting, and she has received invitations to banquets and received innumerable presents from the sions of royalty and noblemen.

There are many who practice fancy trick shooting, but none of them except Lillian Smith class with the "Police Gazette" female rifle shot.

Miss Oakley's performances and feats with the gun are accomplished by skill, while one-half of the balance of trick shots accomplish their feats by trick and device.

This is how shooting is done by Miss Annie Oakley's imitators: One of the oldest is the bell trick. This is done by having a target placed on the stage with a very small, quarter-inch hole as a center, through which the marksman is supposed to put his bullet. Surrounding this is a piece of black cloth, and back of the cloth a saw plate. If the marksman hits within eight or ten inches of the center, the bell, or rather the plate, which is set loosely, will ring, and the audience will naturally suppose the bullet or bullets penetrated the bull's eye. This explains how stage shots played from twenty to twenty-five shots in the bull's eye in so many seconds.

The next trick is the match trick. This is done by placing a large number of parlor-matches in a circle, with the heads of the same pointing inwardly. If the marksman hits, or rather puts his bullet, which is not difficult to do, any place in the circle, he must light one of the matches, and thus lighting the circle. This trick is always done at the back of the stage, and the audience cannot see any of the matches, and suppose, naturally, it is but a single match. Another is to fasten a single match on an iron plate, and if the marksman shoots any reasonable distance near it, it will light from the splash of lead on the solid plate.

In the cigar trick the marksman is supposed to shoot the ashes off a cigar held in the mouth of an assistant. The trick is generally a bona fide one, but can be done by having a wire run through the cigar to the ashes, and at the report of the gun have the assistant touch the wire with his tongue and knock the ashes off. Shooting a silver wire from the mouth, and between the teeth of an assistant is done by having one marked with a bullet, and showing one not marked to the audience; the assistant changes at the report of the gun and spits out the marked one and shows it to the audience.

The thimble trick is done by placing a thimble on the assistant's head with a thin string attached, and at the report of the gun it is pulled by another assistant behind the scenes. Shooting through the ring of a watch is done by shooting over the ring, and then, before showing it to the audience, placing the ring of the watch over the hole made, and on a nail placed there beforehand.

Snuffing the candle, which looks so difficult, is done by having the candle placed close to a solid block of wood. The concussion of the bullet puts out the light, although the bullet hits within three inches of the candle proper. The professor gave an exhibition at one time in a Pennsylvania town where he authorities strictly forbade the firing of solid bullets, and gave as good satisfaction as though he were firing and doing the trick bona fide. So much for stage rifle shooting.

The yacht Atlantic, which made such a miserable failure last season, is creating a sensation in yachting circles, by showing a clean pair of heels to all competitors in every race she starts in. On June 13, in the ladies race of the Atlantic Yacht Club, the flying Atlantic led the entire fleet, and added another victory to the many she has gained this season.

Prof. Wm. C. McClellan, the well-known boxer, is now teaching boxing at Wood's Gymnasium, Twenty-eighth street, this city, and has a large class of pupils.

ARENIC GLADIATORS.

A Desperate Struggle Between Evan Lewis and Tom Connors—Other Newy Notes.

There probably was never witnessed a more desperate contest between man and man than the catch-as-catch-can wrestling match between Evan Lewis of Chicago and Tom Connors of England, at Pittsburgh, recently.

Connors looked to be in fine trim and weighed 168 pounds. Lewis towered above him like a giant and weighed 170 pounds. Fred Goodwin was announced as referee. A Chicago man named Jarvis was named as Lewis' second, and James Connors acted for his brother, with John Newell as timekeeper. Before time was called the crowd yelled for Parson Davies, and the smiling, good-natured Parson had to come to the front. He thanked his hearers for their generous reception and spoke very flatteringly of Pittsburgh, retiring amid prolonged cheering.

The rules governing the match were read by the referee, and then began one of the most savage contests probably ever witnessed on a stage. The men struck, butted, kicked and used every cruel device known to wrestlers. Several times the crowd arose amid deafening yells from hundreds of excited men and it seemed several times that a general row was unavoidable.

Chief of Police Brokaw, fearing trouble after the first wild outburst, ordered both day and night watchmen, the police force and all the detectives of the city to the building, and the presence of these officers doubtless prevented a desperate encounter between the desperate men.

When time was called the men attacked each other like tigers. For two minutes they glided about the carpet, studying each other and watching every movement like hawks. Quicker than a flash Lewis threw his arms about Connors' neck, and a cry ran through the building: "He's got the strangle hold!" So he had, but Connors rushed in on him and the men went down, Connors striking on his side. Both regained their feet and after more cautious work Lewis again succeeded in getting his terrible grip across the throat of the little Englishman. The crowd groaned in sympathy for the son of Britain, but suddenly Lewis shouted to the referee: "He's breaking my fingers!" Connors had one of Lewis' fingers in each hand, and was bending them backward until those nearest the men could almost hear the bones snap. Lewis released the fearful grip as soon as possible, and the men broke away. When they came together again Lewis swung his right and struck Connors heavily on the neck and shoulder, so Connors claims.

At his earliest convenience Connors rushed at Lewis and butting him, landed squarely above his left eye, cutting a gash fully an inch long, from which the blood fairly spurted. Lewis complained to the referee, but received no response to the claim of foul. With his eye nearly swollen shut he continued the bout and mopped blood from his damaged optic all over Connors' body as well as his own until they looked like a pair of butchers. Finally Lewis got a grapevine lock on Connors and brought him to the carpet, seemingly squarely on his shoulders. A fall was claimed but disallowed. Then after an energetic jangle the men went at it once more. After a savage struggle, in which Lewis deliberately butted Connors in the mouth, the Chicago man got another hold on Connors and both men went down. Lewis again got the strangle hold on the Englishman and was choking him until he was black in the face, when Connors' brother rushed in and, after striking Lewis, pulled him from his adversary.

Then followed an exciting scene. Everyone was shouting angrily and dozens of men mounted the stage when the contestants were carried to their corners. Lewis was bleeding freely and Connors was barely able to stand on his feet after the fierce embrace of the big fellow. It seemed like Hades cut loose for a holiday. The crowd was yelling and the excitement was at fever heat. The police worked to the front, and after a scene that beggared description the referee advanced and announced no fall and no claim of foul allowed. The men finally went to their dressing rooms, the time of the bout being 23 minutes.

Parson Davies was wild. He declared that the Connors men would not bet a cent until after the referee was chosen. Then, he said, Lewis and his friends were able to get on \$1,500 at even, Lewis declared that he would not go on with the match, as it was impossible for him to win. Finally, after a rest of eighteen minutes, time was called again. Goodwin declared before they came on that he would call a foul on the first man who indulged in butting. Lewis was ugly, and several times kicked Connors in the preliminary skirmishing, for which he was loudly hissed. After six minutes had elapsed the men clinched again. Connors deliberately butted Lewis twice. Lewis called a foul, and the referee gave him the fall, and received a fearful hissing for doing so.

The second bout was very brief. After two minutes Lewis got Connors' head in chancery, with his arms wrapped about his waist. Connors gave the big fellow the shoulder, and turning him, both landed. Connors' second claimed a fall, which was allowed. To many it did, not seem that Lewis had touched the carpet with both shoulders, but the majority seemed to think he had. Lewis was boiling over with rage at the decision. He said he had wrestled sixty-four matches, but never before suffered such an unfair decision. The Parson was also almost speechless with anger.

Both men began the third bout in a spirited style. Lewis was the aggressor and time and again they came to the floor, but avoided a fall by bridging and other tactics, which created the wildest enthusiasm on the part of the crowd. Finally, after 15 minutes of remarkable work, Lewis got a vice like grip on Connors' throat, with both wrists resting on his windpipe. The Englishman began to weaken under the fearful pressure and Connors' brother again rushed in and pulled Lewis off. Then followed another alarming scene. Men mounted the stage from every side, and a free fight seemed inevitable. Lewis was pulled to his corner, but broke away and rushing to the middle of the platform met Connors. A battle with fists between them was only avoided by the interference of friends. After quiet had been partially restored the referee gave the fall to Connors on a claim of foul, which settled the match.

Connors' friends cheered him as the champion of America and he was carried from the stage. The Chicago people were fairly beside themselves with rage. Parson Davies could do nothing but roll out great big oaths and declare it the worst case of robbery he had ever seen. The referee's decision went, however, and the stakes, \$500 a side, and all bets went with it. Also 65 per cent. of the gate receipts to Connors. A majority of sporting men claimed that the last decision was wrong. The strangling hold was not barred by the rules, and it is pretty certain Lewis did not throttle Connors. At all events, Davies offered to back Lewis against Connors, same style, for \$10,000 a side, the match to take place on neutral grounds. The rules were repeatedly violated during the match. Early next morning Parson Davies was seen. He was very bitter in his denunciation of the referee. He said he only lost \$50 on the match, the stake money belonging to Lewis, who lost several hundred in bets as well. The decision will be protested.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent writes from London, England: "Despite the fallen glories of the ring, the name of Jim Mac is sufficient still to call back memories of the past, and when he visited the show at South Kensington on Thursday week, he received such an ovation from the 'cowboys' that arrangements were made for a special visit on Monday last, when he was to show the champion belt of England and that of America. Between 11 and 12 o'clock, Jim, his cousin Pooley, Lee, the Australian fistic champion, and ourselves, together with the trophies and other fistic works of art, started in a phaeton driven by the old champion from South Kensington, where we were received by Mr. Salisbury, the manager of the show, in his tent, which is opposite that of Buffalo Bill. When the cowboys could be assembled together from their multifarious duties, the principal members gathered in the tent, and the box containing these reliquaries being unlocked, and the belts uncased by Pooley for their flannel jackets, they were inspected by these primitive cowboys with wonderment and awe. One tall Texan cowboy solicited that he might have the honor of wearing the American belt. On it being girdled round his loins, he strode proudly out with the trophy (on the front of which is the American eagle) to the tents of those who had not already witnessed the show; and soon all the boys of the Wild West gathered round to peep at Jim's collection."

Black Frank, of St. Paul, who fought a draw with George LeBlanche, the Marine, knocked out Billy Hurley, of Minneapolis, in 3 rounds, with small gloves, at the Coliseum theatre, Fargo, Dak., on June 18.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,
"Police Gazette" Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York.

Dido, Boston.—No.
S. J., San Antonio, No.
D. Richmond, Va.—No.
R. J., Trenton, N. J.—No.
M. S. B., Louisville.—Yes.
W. S. B., Richmond.—No.
M. W. M.—The Jack wins.
J. S., San Francisco.—No.
M. J., Stamford, Conn.—No.
J. W. D., St. Augustine.—No.
D. J., Jacksonville, Fla.—No.
M. J. B., Holyoke, Mass.—No.
S. W., Augusta, Me.—The Jack wins.
A. B., San Domingo.—Sixes are high.
Merritt, San Antonio.—Sixes beat aces.
D. W., Richmond, Va.—44 wins first money.
R. E. B., Guernsey Co., Ohio.—B was correct.
D. J., Portland, Me.—You can only build off the table.
J. D., Macon.—Send for the "Life of John Morrissey."
A. SUBSCRIBER, Fort Worth, Texas.—We cannot decide.
J. E. R., Tonawanda, N. Y.—We do not know the value.
S. J. B., Selma, Ala.—1. No. 2. Tom Allen lost by a foul.
D. J. B., Austin.—The party who throw at takes first prize.
C. E. G., South Haven.—We do not know who buys old coins.
J. B., Harrisburg.—Jay-Eye-See is not a pacer, but a trotter.
A. S., Sinclairville, N. Y.—Nelson claims he did defeat Walsh.
W. L., Bedford, Pike County, Ill.—We do not know of such a book.

P. S., Washington, D. C.—We do not know who purchases old coins.

M. J., San Antonio, Texas.—Jake Kilrain has never been defeated in the prize ring.

NEWSDEALER, Troy, N. Y.—Write to John L. Sullivan; he can give you the information.

D. J., New Britain.—Lieutenant Ainsworth was the champion collar-and-anvil wrestler.

J. M. W., Limerick, Ill.—Yes; if the race was on a track belonging to an association.

H. R., Muskegon, Mich.—1. Thanks. 2. Send for "The American Athlete" to this office.

D. C., City.—Jem Smith is 5 feet 8 1/2 inches, twenty-seven years old, and scales in condition 165 lbs.

G. E. W., New Brunswick, Miss.—1. There is no one who holds those titles. 2. W. G. George and L. E. Myers.

DICK THORNER, Fairport, N. Y.—1. There is no rule governing. 2. It should be mutually understood beforehand.

LIONEL, New Britain.—John L. Sullivan only fought one contest for stakes, that was his battle with Paddy Ryan.

D. M., Boston.—Jake Kilrain is the recognised champion of America, no matter what any one says to the contrary.

HOWARD BACE, Norfolk, Va.—We do not know any one who desires to purchase such a boat. Advertisers in this paper.

DOR JUAN, Halifax.—Edward Hanlan won the single-scutt championship in 1876 and kept that title until Wm. Beach defeated him.

MICHAEL DONLON, Troop I, Sixth Cavalry.—Procure a copy of "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the six-day go-as-you-please records.

B. C., New Kiowa, Kan.—Short-distance runners continually change their names, and run under so many aliases that it is impossible to say who the party you refer to is.

G. W., New Orleans.—1. We do not know where you can obtain a report of that old mill. 2. There is no way of finding out how many persons of Irish nationality there is in the world.

F. D. M., M. D., 1205 Spruce street, Philadelphia.—The following are the fighting weights: Bantam-weight, under 105 pounds; feather-weight, up to 115 pounds; middle-weight, up to 154 pounds; light-weight, up to 168 pounds; heavy-weight, over 184 pounds.

M. J. D., Harper's Ferry, Va.—If your horse is in the habit of kicking, put him in a narrow stall that has both sides thickly padded. Suspend a sack filled with hay or straw so that it will strike his heels, and let the horse and sack fight it out. Be sure to have things arranged so that the horse can not hurt himself. The sack will be victorious every time, and in the end the horse will absolutely refuse to kick the sack or anything else.

S. S., Richmond, Va.—1. No. 2. The Confederate soldiers surrendered at the end of the war as follows: Army of Northern Virginia, 77,000; army of Tennessee, 31,000; army of Missouri, 17,000; army of Alabama, 45,000; army of Trans-Mississippi, 17,000; at Nashville and Chattanooga, 5,000; paroled in Departments of Virginia, Cumberland, Maryland, Alabama, Florida, Tennessee, Texas, etc., 42,100; Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons at the close of the war, 26,000; total Confederate army at close, 273,000. A large and unknown number of Confederate soldiers were not present at surrender.

J. W., Bangor, Me.—1. No. 2. Edward C. Stickney has put up a four-pound dumbbell 6,000 times in succession in 87 minutes. 12 pound bell put up 81 times in 40 seconds, also 1,000 times in succession, and 16,000 times in twelve hours with the right hand alone. 35-pound bell put up 455 times with one hand. 35-pound bell put up 400 times in 16 minutes. 50-pound bell put up 61 times in succession. 128-pound bell put up with one hand holding it up one minute, at Stickney gymnasium, Portsmouth, N. H. 150-pound bell put up 30 times with both hands without a rest, Epston, Mass., Dec. 19, 1885. Also a keg of nails put up 14 times with the right hand alone, and with both hands 50 times without a rest. He also put up a barrel of flour with both hands at Nantucket, Mass. Such incredible feats of strength were performed by the Eastern athlete in public, 1885, thus breaking all records, winning the championship of the world, at Lynn, Mass., May 30, 1885.

M. J. R., Cincinnati.—Ten Brock, the famous race horse, was bred by John Harper, and foaled in 1872. He is the son of imported Phœnix, by Fanny Holton, daughter of the great Lexington. As a two-year-old he started but once, finishing third. He began his three-year-old campaign at Lexington by winning the Phoenix Hotel stakes, one mile and a quarter, in 2:11 1/2, over a track which was deep in mud. At Louisville he won a post stake at three miles in 5:21, beating, among others, Vandell and Stampedo. For the Merchants' Post stakes at Nashville, Tenn., in the fall of the same year, 1875, he had Bob Woolley for a competitor at two-mile heats. Ten Brock won in 2:36 1/2, and 2:40 1/2. He also captured the Maxwell House stakes, mile heats, in 1:44 and 1:45, again beating Bob Woolley and Damon. One of Ten Brock's best performances up to this time was accomplished at the Lexington fall meeting, when, with 90 pounds up, he won a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, one mile and five furlongs, in 2:49 1/2, beating Bob Woolley, Elemi, King Alfonso and Emma C. For nearly seven years this stood as the fastest time on record, Bend Or lowering it a quarter of a second at Saratoga, in August, 1885, with 125 pounds on his back. As a four-year-old Ten Brock started eight times, winning seven races, his only defeat being by Aristides. His two and five-eighths mile at Lexington, 104 pounds up, in 2:58 1/2, and his four miles against time, still remain unbeaten. His great mile against time, 1:26 1/2 with 110 pounds up, and his two miles in 2:37 1/2, have never been equalled. He ran ten times that year, winning nine races and losing one to Parole. The following year, 1878, was his last on the turf, and he won the only two races in which he appeared. One was at a mile and 3/4, in which Vera Cruz, Aristides and Bill Bass were engaged, and the other was the great match at four-mile heats against Molly McCarty, when Ten Brock distanced the California mare in the first heat.



RAZORS IN THE AIR.

COLORED WOMEN MAKE MINCE-MEAT OF EACH OTHER OVER A MAN NEAR WOOD-RUFF, SOUTH CAROLINA.



BERNHARDT'S TIGER.

THE BRUTE POUNCES UPON A WAITER AT CHICAGO, ILL., LACERATES HIM AND SENDS HIM FLYING.



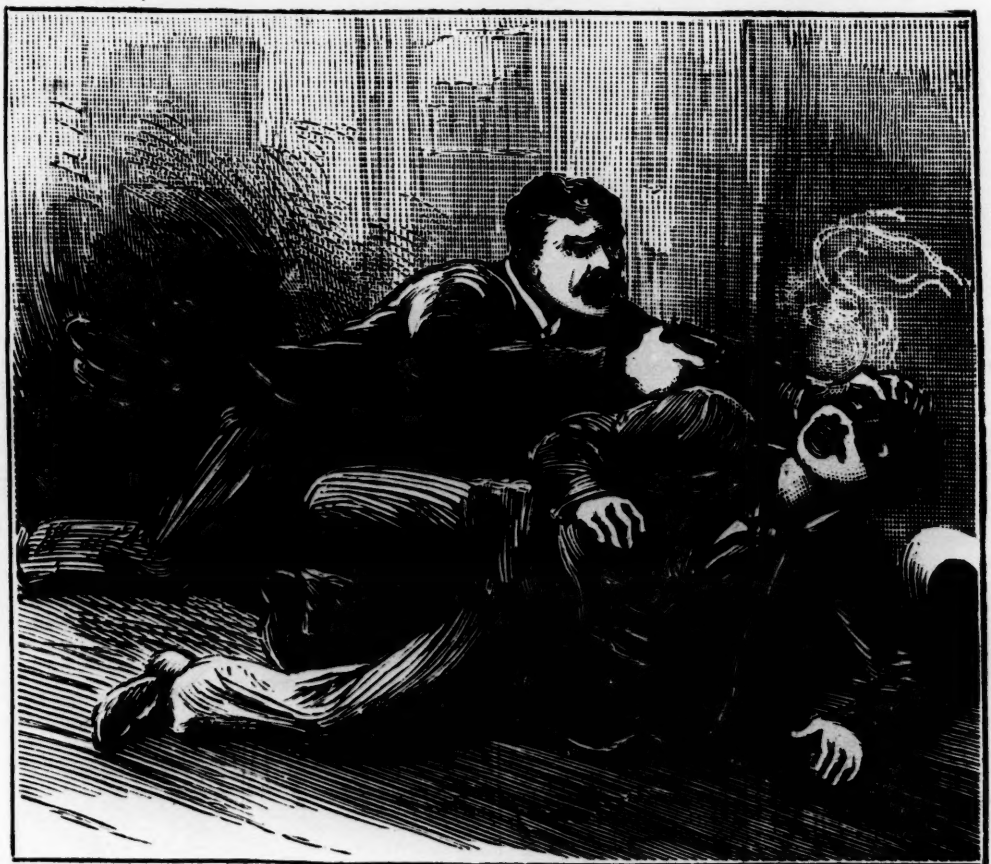
BRUTALLY MURDERED.

MRS. BELL, A FARMER'S WIFE, IS SLAIN BY THREE BURLY TRAMPS WHO SOUGHT TO PLUNDER HER RESIDENCE NEAR RICHMOND, IND.



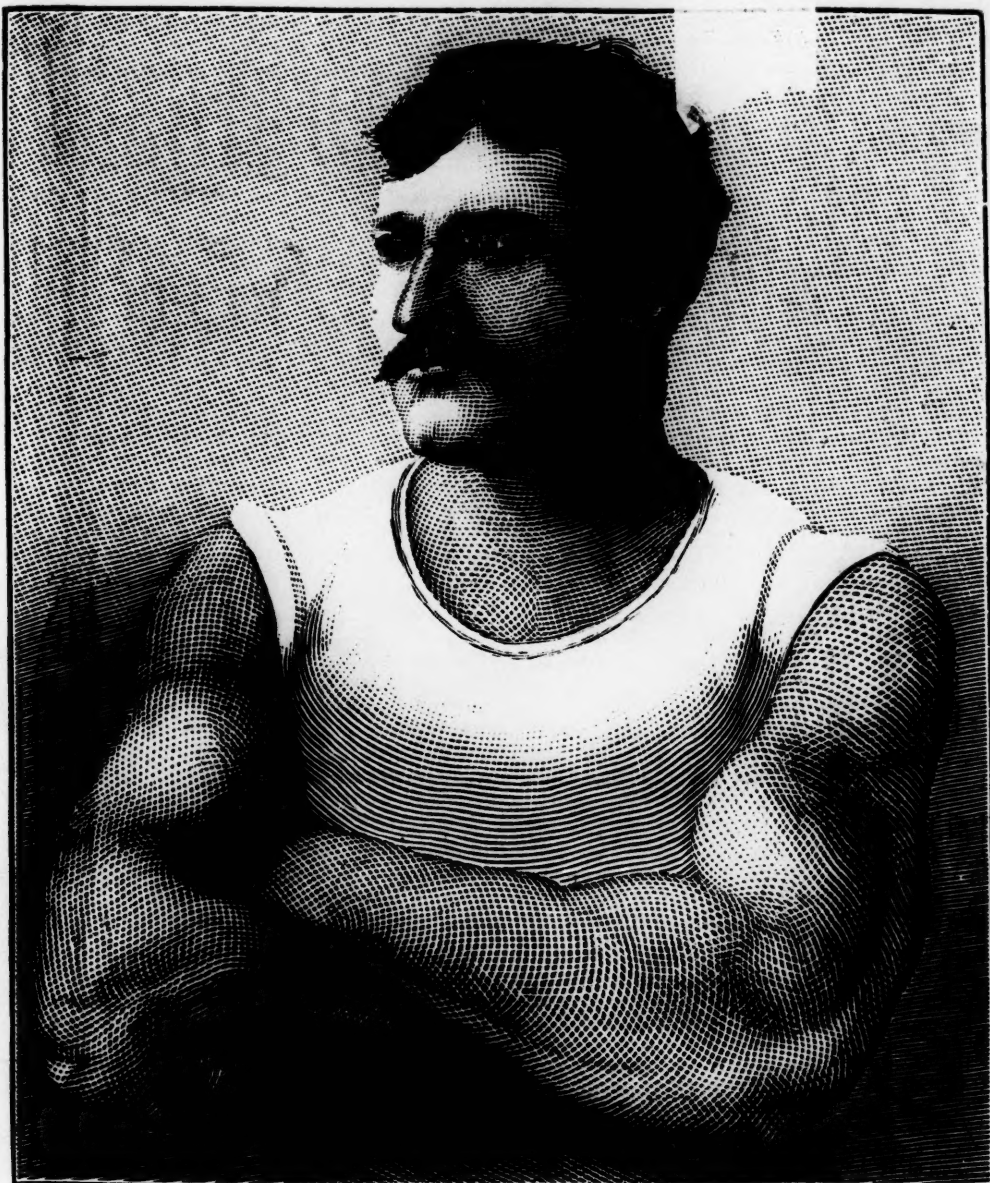
SHOT HIS STEPMOTHER.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR AT STEUBENVILLE, OHIO, WHICH WILL DOUBTLESS RESULT IN THE CRIME OF MURDER.



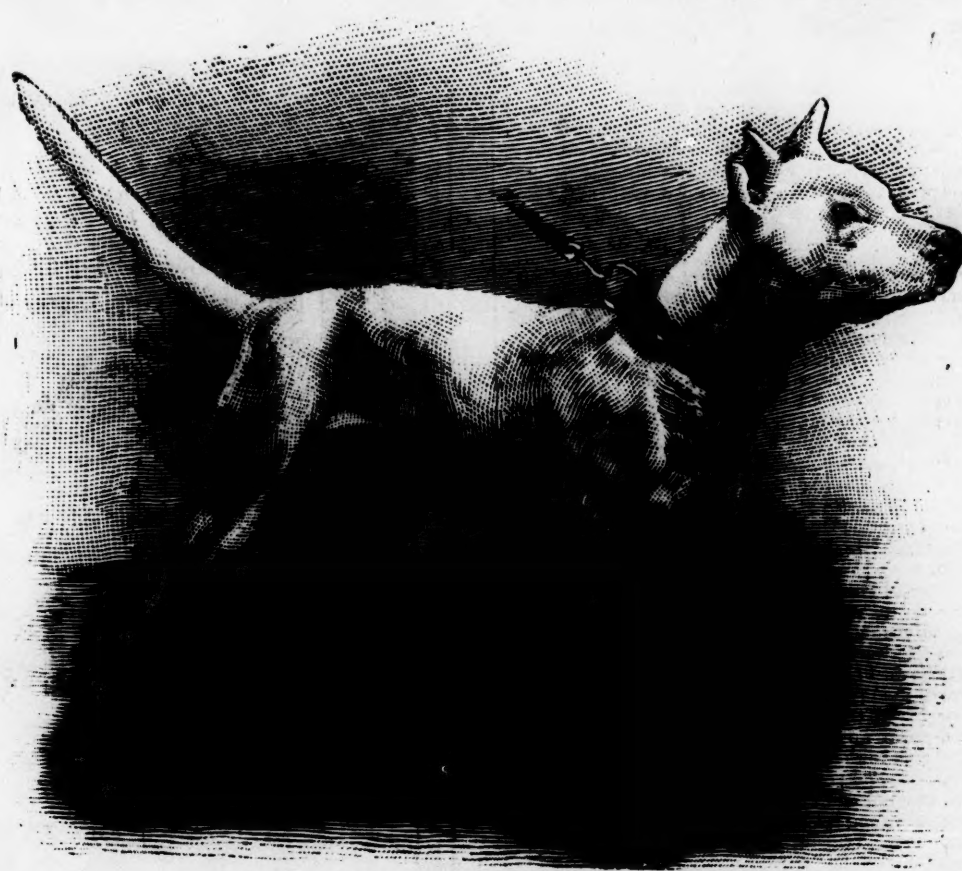
BOTH WERE FATALLY WOUNDED.

AN UNKNOWN MASKED BURGLAR IS SHOT THROUGH THE EYE BY DYING GEORGE AUKEN IN JUNIATA TOWNSHIP, PA.



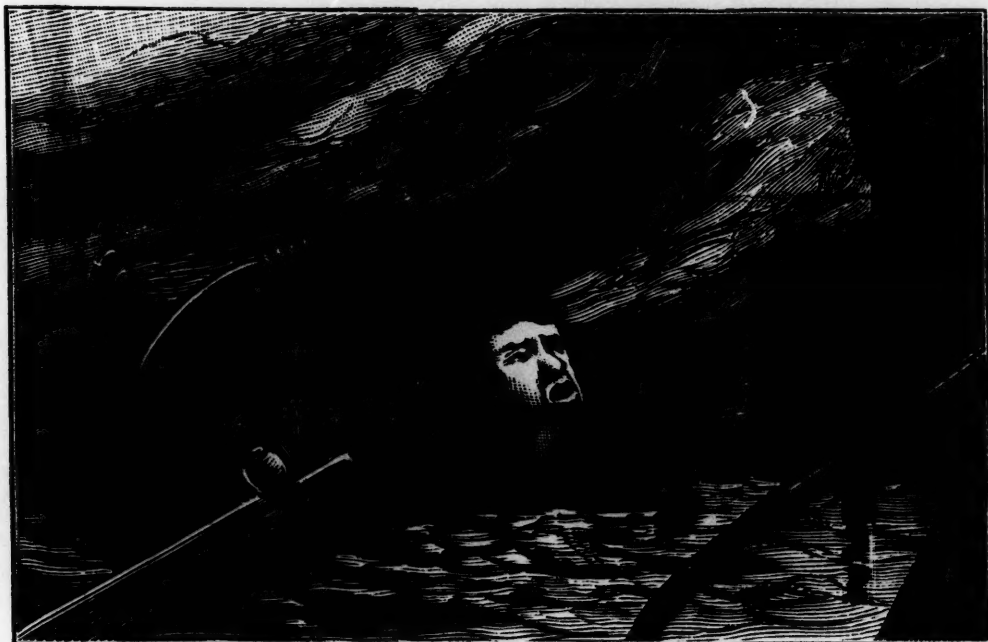
S. MULLER,

THE CHAMPION SWISS WRESTLER WHO IS COMING TO AMERICA.



CRIB,

THE GREAT FIGHTING DOG OWNED BY TOM MCMURRAY OF NEW YORK.



PINNED UNDER THEIR ENGINE.

WESLEY AND ELMER FISHER MEET WITH A FEARFUL ACCIDENT WHILE CROSSING A BRIDGE NEAR BUTLER, MO.



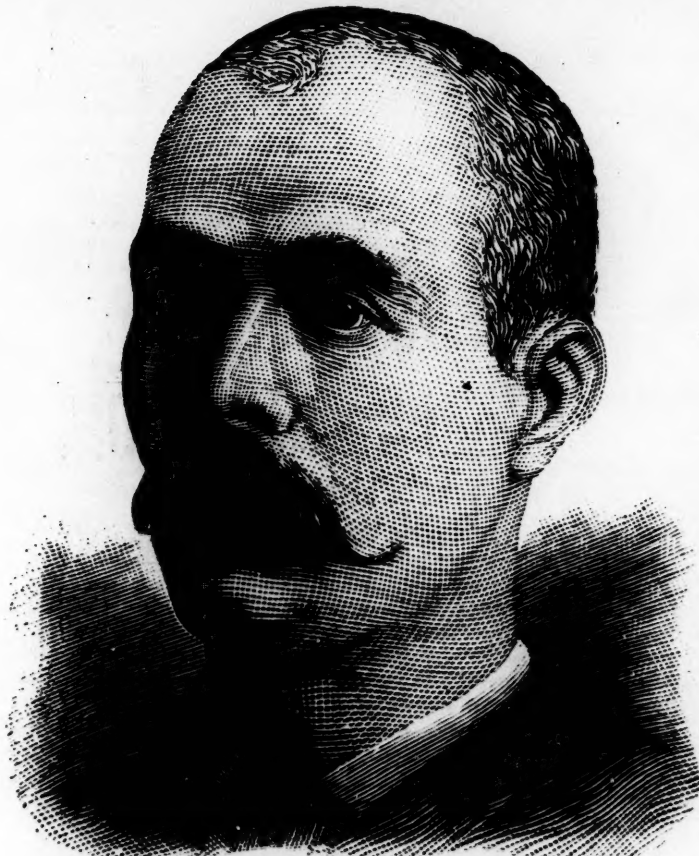
SHE DIDN'T LIKE HIS CRITICISM.

MISS ETHEL LYNTON OF THE GRAU OPERA COMPANY SLAPS THE FACE OF A PENNSYLVANIA EDITOR FOR CALLING HER NAUGHTY.

A BULLET IN HIS ABDOMEN.

From St. Joseph, Mo., a correspondent writes June 18: Young Albert Brummel some few weeks ago had a difficulty with a lad named Michalstag. The latter threatened vengeance, but it was thought to be only a boy's foolish threat. Last evening while Brummel was engaged in playing ball in the eastern part of the city, a shot was fired from a clump of trees and the lad fell to the ground with a bullet in his abdomen. The rest of his playmates became frightened and scattered in all directions. The

police were notified and responded immediately and took the boy to the city hospital. Brummel is only sixteen years of age, a son of a prominent and wealthy German. It is understood that the quarrel occurred concerning the jealousy of young Michalstag who imagined that Brummel was trying to usurp him in the affections of a certain young German school girl. There is great indignation in German circles, and every effort is being made to capture the supposed assassin. Young Brummel is at the point of death. There is little hope of his recovery.



JAMES DILLON,

THE IRISH BORN PUGILIST WHO KNOCKED JIMMY CARROLL OUT IN LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.



STEVE O'DONNELL,

THE WELL-KNOWN ATHLETE AND MASTER OF CEREMONIES, OF NEW YORK.



WILLIAM CLEAVER,

A RARE OLD ENGLISH SPORT, THE PROPRIETOR OF THE CELEBRATED "STAG'S HEAD" CHOP HOUSE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MURDERED BY A YOUNG STEPSON.

A Fifteen-Year-Old Boy Avenges Brutality to His Mother.

A special dispatch from Savannah, Ga., says: A sad family tragedy occurred here the other day. Edward E. Thomas was killed by his fifteen-year-old stepson. Mrs. Wingard (now Mrs. Thomas) moved here from South Carolina nine years ago. Three years ago the widow went to Beaufort, S. C., on a visit, and there met and married Thomas. They began housekeeping here, living with her relatives till within the last three months.

By her first marriage she had two sons, Willie E. and Thomas F., now aged fifteen and eleven years respectively. For some time past the boys have not lived with their mother, for soon after the marriage Thomas, who was a first-class machinist and earned good wages, took to drinking, and, as the testimony at the inquest showed, began to systematically ill-treat his wife. Her boys knew of the trouble, as she freely talked to her sister, and a feeling of anger and bitter resentment grew upon them.

Two months ago the younger son assaulted Thomas while he was abusing the lady's mother, and since then Thomas has often threatened to kill her. This morning Thomas arose, and not feeling well after his carousal of the previous night, began abusing her. He struck her a blow in the face, and as she screamed out he took her up and carried her to the window, threatening to throw her to the pavement below—three stories. Her screams induced him to release her, and she went over to her mother's and told of the occurrence and then returned to prepare dinner.

Willie heard the story, and getting a five-shooter from a room up stairs belonging to a boarder, went straight over to the house, up to the bedroom where Thomas was lying on the bed sleeping, and fired twice at him. One bullet entered his stepfather's right groin, severing the femoral artery and killing him almost instantly. The lad then ran down stairs and shouted to his mother that he "had fixed him," and went to his grandfather, who accompanied him to the barracks and gave him up to the authorities.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. H. COX, 333 Broadway, N. Y.

UNITED ELECTRIC CO.

CLEVELAND, O., June 14, 1887. A large advertiser recently told us that of all mediums he employed, with one exception, your POLICE GAZETTE brought best returns. Yours very respectfully, UNITED ELECTRIC CO. (We would like to know what medium beats the P. G. as an advertising medium in proportion to money invested.—Ed.)

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and After Dark.

Man Trap of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler.

New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.

New York Tombs; Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.

Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.

Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.

Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.

Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.

Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.

James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.

Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.

Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes.

Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.

Crime Avenged. Sequel to Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.

Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime.

Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.

Mahille Unmasked; or, The Wickedest Place in the World.

Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity an Excuse for Murder.

Suicide's Cranks; or, The Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.

Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete. A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.

Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.

Life of John C. Heenan, with all his battles.

Tug Wilson, champion pugilist of England.

Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman.

Betting Man's Guide; or, How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements.....\$1.00 per line.
Reading notices.....2.00
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.

The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

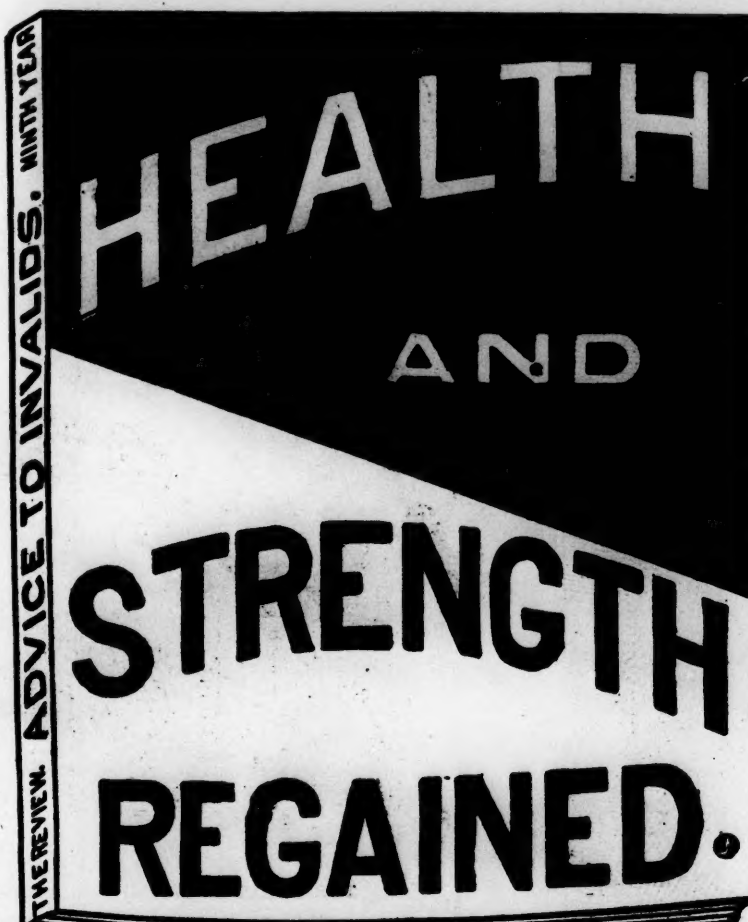
ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.



COPIES FREE.

YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN and others who suffer from nervous and physical debility, exhausted vitality, premature decline, etc., are especially benefited by consulting its contents. Everything such sufferers wish to know is fully given in its pages. If in need of medical aid or counsel, read it before "doctoring" or investing in medicines or appliances of any description, and you will save time, money and disappointment. If using medicine or medical treatment of any kind, read it and learn the better way.

THE REVIEW exposes the frauds practiced by quacks and medical impostors who profess to "practice medicine," and points out the only safe, simple and effective road to health, vigor and bodily energy.

Beware of the sham curative articles called Shields, Generators, Girdles, Pads, Brushes, Corsets, Clothing, Plasters, etc., now deceptively advertised as Electric, Voltaic or Magnetic. These articles are as entirely spurious as the advertisements concerning them are insidious. This can easily be detected by a simple test which is fully explained in THE REVIEW.

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Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on
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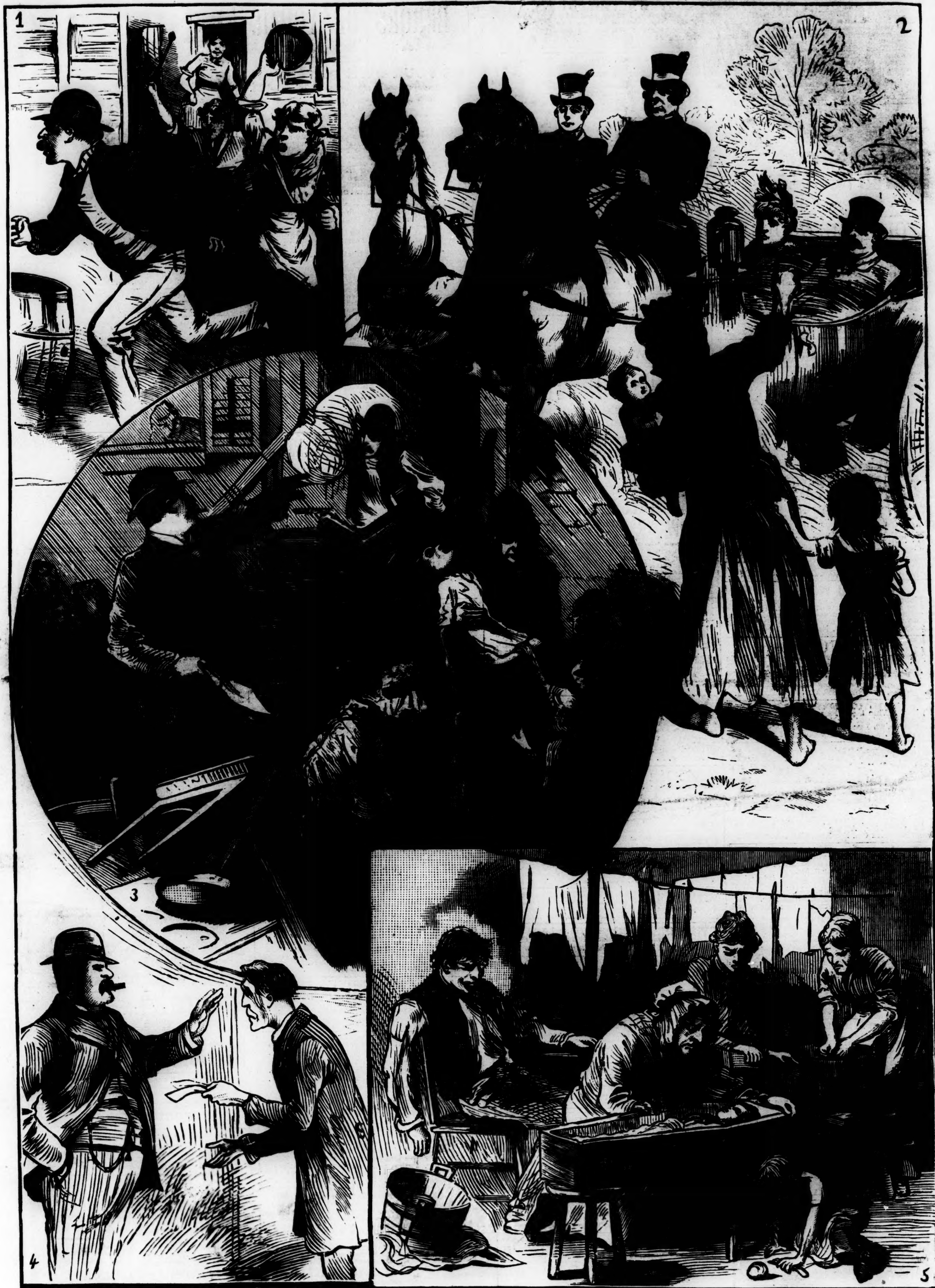
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